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SCENES

AND

ADVENTURES IN SPAIN,

FROM 1835 TO 1840.

BY POCO MAS.

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PREFACE.

The following attempt to describe some of the scenes which came under the writer's observation during his sojourn in Spain, at a period when that interesting but distracted country was passing through one of the many ordeals to which it has unhappily been subjected, was made at the request of some friends who had heard him descant upon this, his favourite topic, and speak with that interest and that affection with which his heart will ever be filled for a land where he has passed so many happy days, and from whose inhabitants of all ranks he has ever received the most disinterested kindness.

The plan adopted by the writer was to confine himself as far as possible to the Scenes and Adventures which he witnessed, or was personally concerned in: these afforded him an opportunity of tracing an outline of Spanish habits, customs, and characteristics, as they were spread

out before him in the different parts of the country whither the peculiar circumstances under which he visited it, caused his steps to be directed.

The writer could wish that the philosopher, the artist, and the intelligent traveller might be induced to penetrate into the interior of Spain, where ample materials exist for storing the mind, and gratifying the taste!

Having witnessed some remarkable public occurrences, the author has faithfully recorded the facts which came under his observation, and frankly stated his opinions.

London: April, 1845.

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SCENES

AND

ADVENTURES IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Youthful predilection for Spain—Valley of Aspe—Curious inn at Urdoz—Spanish carriers—Novel repast—Public bedroom—Travelling on mules—Spanish frontier—Jaca—Smuggler's village—Pleasant companions—Spanish posada—Awkward mode of eating—Festival of St. Agatha—Attempt at dancing—Spanish improvisation—Friendly adieux—Pleasing recollections—Fatiguing conveyance—Aragonese female riding costume—Approach to Zaragoza.

I VISITED Spain at a very early period of my life, and have constantly retained the warmest feelings of affection for that interesting country. During all my wanderings —and they have been many—I watched its vicissitudes with intense anxiety, and was rejoiced at having an opportunity of once more beholding the land of my youthful predilection.

My journeyings and sojournings were necessarily affected by the state of the country at the time; and it fell to my lot to witness several remarkable events. Skipping from one point to another, as I may recollect incidents offering materials for amusement or information, I will endeavour to depict some of the scenes which were spread out before me during my perambulations among the highways and by-ways of Spain.

Having resolved on crossing the Pyrenees by the frontier of Aragon, I traversed the beautiful valley of Aspe, in France, and reached the small town of Urdoz at the close of a fine evening in May, 1835.

I had made an arrangement at the town of Oloron to be conveyed thence to Zaragoza; and the journey as far as Urdoz was performed over an excellent road, in a light open carriage. We were to continue our route on horseback, as I understood, on the following morning.

The inn at Urdoz was a curious place. The lower part of the extensive building was entirely devoted to stabling for the mules passing to and from Spain, and to stores for the merchandise with which they were laden. A broad ladder conducted to the floor above; on reaching which, as one does the deck of a ship by the companion ladder, I found myself in a large room, at the opposite extremity of which was an immense hearth with a blazing fire, composed of large logs of wood and roots of trees. By

this fireside, on benches ensconced in the cavernous chimney-place, sat several swarthy figures, smoking paper cigars; and in front was a remarkably fine, but rather masculine young woman holding over the fire a large frying-pan with a handle a yard long. Just as I arrived, a stout boy was beginning to cast into the hissing fat a quantity of eggs which he had been breaking and emptying into a brown earthen basin: a savoury smell arose, too, from some pipkins that were simmering around the fire, which I approached, quietly taking my place by the side of the other guests, who I found were *arrieros*, or Spanish carriers, to whom the mules in the stables underneath belonged.

Presently the eggs were fried up into a large omelet, and tossed into a dish: rough plates were brought, into which the contents of the pipkins were soused; and following my Spanish companions, who had been joined by their chief—the person with whom I had agreed to take me to Zaragoza—I went into an adjoining room where was a long rough table covered with a coarse and not very clean cloth, and a bench on each side. Ranged along the walls were six queer-looking beds. Well! I sat down with a good appetite, and although I could not pretend to analyze the different dishes, I made a good supper, and afterwards retired to the drawing-room—that is to say, the chimney-corner—and tried to recollect my Spanish.

The *arrieros* seeing that I was inclined to be chatty, and had an affection for Spain, seemed to take a liking to me. I smoked a paper cigar or two with them, and did not mind the other sort of smoke from the green fire-wood, though it made me wink my eyes. I suppose the young woman, who I found was the landlord's daughter, thought I was sleepy, so she told me my bed was ready. As we were to start at daybreak, I thought it better to retire at once, and following the young lady, who carried in her hand an iron lamp called a *relon*, in the form of a butter-boat, and suspended from an iron handle with a hook at the upper end, I was ushered by her into the room where we had supped, and was directed to one of the beds in a corner. Having hung the lamp on a nail close to the bed-side, she was going away, when I called her back and asked for a room to myself; at which request the damsel stared, and burst into a loud fit of laughter, saying, in a sort of *patois*, that this was the only bed-room for travellers in the house.

Seeing that it would be of no use to remonstrate, I put the best face on the matter, joined in her hearty laugh, and wished her good night. I looked at the sheets; found them coarse, but perfectly clean; and partly undressing, jumped into bed, and soon fell fast asleep, lulled by the gently tinkling bells of the mules in the stables below, and the monotonous sounds produced by the munching of

their corn. I know not by whom the other beds were occupied.

At a little before daybreak I was awakened by my guide, who, hooking on the nail another lighted lamp in exchange for that I had left burning the night before, told me it was time to be stirring. Up I rose at once; and having performed my ablutions as well as circumstances would permit, went into the outer room, where I found the tall damsel diligently making chocolate for breakfast; and very good it was. By this time the sun had risen, and I was summoned to mount. Descending the ladder aforesaid, I went to the gateway where a string of laden mules was assembled; fine beasts they were. I looked about for the horse on which I was to ride, but nothing of the kind appeared. The string of mules moved on, excepting one animal, upwards of sixteen hands high, with my luggage swung on each side of him, and a heap of blankets and cloaks to fill up the hollow.

"Now, Señor," said my guide, "mount, if you please."

"Mount?" I asked; "where's the horse?"

"Oh! every body rides mules in this country."

"Well, I have no objection to do so too; so bring out my mule, and let us see if the stirrups be of the right length."

At this the guide laughed outright; and at the same moment the gigantic mule, seeing that his companions

were leaving him behind, tossed his head into the air, and began to bray in a most extraordinary manner.

"Come, Señor," said the guide, still laughing, "we can't wait any longer. Please to get up."

And without much ado, he caught hold of my left leg, and pitched me upon the cloaks on the mule's back; he then untied the halter from the ring to which it was attached at the door-side, and placing the rope in my right hand, ran on by the side of the mule who started off at a full trot. There was no remedy. I held on by the halter-rope, looking queerly down on the tips of the long ears of the animal on which I had been thus unceremoniously deposited like any other merchandise. Right glad was I when we got up to the other mules; for then the pace was easier, and I had an opportunity of looking about me.

From Urdoz the road, or rather path, ascends gradually until you arrive at a point where there is a small guard-house occupied by a French custom-house officer and a guard, consisting of a corporal and two or three *gens-d'armes*. This is the extreme frontier; a solitary pine tree and a rude wooden cross mark the boundary between France and Spain. I managed to slide down from my mule; and rushing past the tree, I stood still, took off my hat, and saluted the Spanish territory. My early travels had been in the south: I had never seen the Pyrenees be-

fore, therefore all here was new to me, and this sufficed to inspire me with the most pleasing sensations.

The formalities at the custom-house station having been gone through, the caravan proceeded. I call it a caravan, because our party was considerably increased by several strings of mules and travellers who had assembled on the spot. I preferred to walk for a time, as did two or three Spanish gentlemen who were returning from France; and thus I had a better opportunity of observing the country than if I had had to preserve my equilibrium on the mule-tower.

The Pyrenees at this part do not present any stupendous features. There is a succession of peaks and valleys; and at this season, the snow only appeared on the tops of the mountains. Our route was rugged; and after a time I again allowed myself to be hoisted on my mule. The sure-footed animal threaded the mazes with great sagacity, I soon became accustomed to his ways, and we ascended. and descended many precipitous paths in perfect harmony,

We arrived in the evening at the fortified town of Jaca in Aragon, having halted at noon at the long straggling village of Canfranc, inhabited principally by carriers, who are also smugglers. A great number of farriers are likewise to be found in that village, who obtain full employment on account of the number of mules which are continually passing.

At a *venta*, or inn, situated in a solitary spot between Canfranc and Jaca, and where we rested for half an hour were three Spaniards who were also refreshing themselves, whilst their well-caparisoned mules were feeding in the stable. They were jovial amongst themselves, and cordial to our party. Learning that I was an Englishman, they addressed me in a particularly kind manner, inviting me to share their meal, and speaking in the highest terms of England and Englishmen. I found they were *platéros*, or silversmiths and jewellers of Zaragoza, who were on their return from the fair of Huesca, whither they went every year to dispose of their plate and jewellery. We travelled together as far as Jaca, and I found them most intelligent and companionable: they were national guards of Zaragoza, and one of them wore his uniform.

Jaca, where we rested that night, is a regularly fortified town; its walls being flanked by a succession of square towers.

On the following day we continued our journey over rough and mountainous paths. The solitariness of this part of the country is remarkable; now and then, only, a patch of cultivated ground is to be seen near the banks of the river Gallego, which winds along a valley at the foot of the rocks over which we slowly climbed.

At length, after a long descent, we reached at noon the village of Anzanigo, where there is a bridge of four or

five arches over the Gallego. This bridge is almost pointed in the centre. There is a little *posada*, or inn, at Anzanigo. There we halted for two hours to bait the mules, and take some refreshment ourselves. This was the first real Spanish *posada* I entered. A great bustle was observable in the place. Passing through a rough gateway on the right hand was the kitchen with a roaring wood-fire on the hearth, and divers stew-pans around it. The kitchen was full of people. The fat landlady and her three comely daughters were as busy as bees preparing the mid-day meal; and about twenty other persons male and female were there in holiday dresses, all gay, and apparently happy. The party was speedily increased by our guide and the muleteers, and afterwards by several peasants in brown cloth jackets, and short breeches of the same stuff; their legs were bare, and they wore hempen sandals on their feet. Many of these men had the crowns of their heads shaven, leaving locks of hair hanging over their shoulders; their foreheads were encircled with gay coloured cotton handkerchiefs rolled up in the form of a band or fillet. They were a fine, manly, sturdy people.

Seeing the meal about to be served up, I wondered where it was to be eaten; but was soon released from doubt by an invitation from the *patrona*, or landlady, to walk up stairs, which I did at once, and found myself in a good-sized room. In the centre was a table covered

with delf plates, but with neither knives nor forks; although, by the side of each plate was a spoon made of box-wood. The smoking viands were instantly brought up from the kitchen, and as many of the guests below as could be accommodated in the room came at the same time, and seated themselves without ceremony.

The principal dish, a capital one, was the *puchero;* consisting of boiled mutton, *garbanzos* or large yellow peas, greens, and red smoked sausages called *chorizos;* the whole seasoned with garlic and red pepper.

I soon found out the reason why there were no knives upon the table; for each guest took out from a side breeches-pocket—like a carpenter's pocket where he keeps his rule—a knife, the wooden handle of which was almost a foot long, and opening it, displayed a blade of nearly equal length, ground to a point which was sharpened at both edges, and began cutting the lump of bread placed by his side. I had an English pocket-knife, of the usual size, so I drew it forth, and with the help of the wooden spoon contrived to carve for myself.

Jugs of wine were placed in different parts of the table; the Aragonese drank freely out of them one after another, but I had a smaller jug to myself. Excellent wine it was, free from any spirituous flavour. As the contents of the dishes vanished so did several of the guests; and presently I heard below the sound of a guitar, and then that of a

violin and a triangle. All the Spaniards jumped up, and ran down stairs; I did the same, and found, assembled in the square entrance, men, women, and children, a space being left in the middle. The guitar and fiddle having been tuned, one of the young women stepped into the centre, and was met from the other side by a handsome young peasant. They saluted each other, and then began dancing, at first in a slow, monotonous manner; but afterwards becoming more animated, they tossed their arms about gracefully, and performed a number of curious steps and evolutions; the guitar, violin, and triangle rattling away all the time; the bystanders clapping their hands in cadence, and encouraging the dancers by shouts and approving nods. Pitchers of wine were handed round, to which all the men paid due respect. A succession of couples took up the dance as the others retired, out of breath with their exertions. Altogether it was a scene of rustic, good-humoured animation, very pleasant to witness. I found on inquiry that they were celebrating the *fiesta*, or festival of St. Agatha the patron saint of the village.

Every now and then the wine jug was presented to me, and there was a winning frankness and cordialty in the manner of all towards me. On my part, I entered fully into the spirit of the scene. At length there was a universal shout of "*El Yngles! El Yngles!*—The Eng-

lishman!—the Englishman! Let's have a dance from the Englishman!" and I was surrounded by men, women, and children, inviting me to dance. I laughingly excused myself on the plea of ignorance; but it was of no use. The prettiest of the three daughters came up to me, took me by the hand, and said I must dance with her. The space in the centre was cleared, the fiddle, guitar, and triangle struck up the inspiriting *Jota Aragonesa*—the national air of Aragon. The young lady, clad in a green velveteen bodice, and full, striped cotton skirt, began setting to me, after the before-mentioned fashion, and laughing at my own awkwardness, I followed her example as well as I could. Encouraged by the shouts and applause of the company, I soon got into the quick part of the dance, and jumped about briskly, twisting my arms as I had seen the others do, and following the movements of my buxom partner, to her apparent great amusement.

I attempted once or twice to back out into the crowd, but they formed a living barricade; whilst the young lady would catch me by the arm, drag me back, and entice me to go on. At last I offered both hands to my partner; she placed hers within them, and to the sound of the concluding notes of the *Jota*, I sprang her up three times in the air, and then making her a low bow withdrew; all the company cheering me, clapping me on the back, and shouting "*Viva el Yngles!*" I do not know how many

jugs of wine were offered to me: I took a moderate draught out of one, for I was exhausted, and drank a health and all happiness to my partner, to the whole company, and prosperity to Spain.

It was now time to depart: the mules were at the door. Whilst I was settling my little account with the landlord, the party had gone outside. A young man was seated on the stone bench at the door, thrumming the guitar, and a little knot of the stalwart Aragonese were engaged in grave consultation close to him. As I came out they looked significantly at me. What next? I asked myself: this looks serious. I was going to scramble on to my mule, when one of the group stopped me, saying: "Wait a moment, Señor Yngles!"

In about two minutes the council broke up with evident signs of having at length come to a resolution on the matter in debate. A signal was made to the young man with the guitar; he instantly struck up the *Jota Aragonesa;* two of the party sat down on seats formed of blocks from the trunks of trees, and commenced singing to that inspiriting air one of those improvisations for which the Spanish peasantry have at all times displayed great aptitude. I cannot remember the exact words, but they were full of hearty good wishes for the *Yngles* who was about to take leave of them; St. Agatha was invoked also for my protection. I listened with delight: with delight, I

say, for it would be a ridiculous mark of affectation not to admit the pleasing sensations produced by such kindly evidences of good-will. The stave finished by all the party repeatedly shouting in chorus: "*Viva el Yngles!*" At the last *vivas*, two of these hearty fellows lifted me up in their arms, and placed me gently on the top of my saddle of blankets and cloaks. My partner in the dance ran up with a cup full of wine, saying, as she handed it to me: "May St. Agatha protect thee!" I quaffed the contents, after thanking the handsome and amiable damsel, and pledging all the party by saying: "*Vivan los Aragoneses!* God bless the Aragonese!" The parting-cup having been thus despatched, we moved slowly onwards, the *vivas* continuing on both sides until a turn in the mountain-path shut us out from the sight of one another.

Never shall I forget this hearty and unaffected welcome from the Aragonese! They are called a hard-headed people; so much so, that there is a Spanish saying: "If you give an Aragonese a nail to drive, he would rather use his head for that purpose than a hammer." But this anecdote proves that if they be hard-headed, they have susceptible and tender hearts; and such I found to be the case in my subsequent intercourse with them. In the instance before us, the kind and even enthusiastic treatment I, a perfect stranger, received at their hands was entirely owing to the simple circumstance of my entering into

their feelings and amusements. By so doing the traveller finds his path rendered smooth and agreeable, and there remains upon his mind that—to me at least—delightful impression, that he will be thought and spoken of with pleasant and kindly feelings by those with whom accident has brought him into contact.

If I had been cold and stiff in my demeanour at Anzanigo, the hard-headed qualities of the Aragonese would no doubt have been pointedly developed; and instead of the protection of St. Agatha being invoked in my favour, or my being gently placed on the mule by friendly hands, a malediction might have been pronounced on me as a churl, and I should have been left to get up as well as I could, probably to the sound of a sneering improvisation.

At nightfall we entered the ancient town of Ayerbe. Great was my delight when my guide announced that the remainder of the route to Zaragoza would be performed in a carriage; for I was really tired of being perched on the mulish pinnacle for eight or nine hours exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, with my right arm occasionally almost dragged out of its socket by the heavy-headed animal—for I cannot say he was hard-mouthed, because he had only a halter twisted round his muzzle.

Well! sure enough, at daybreak I was told that the carriage was at the door; this turned out to be what is called a *tartana*, an oblong vehicle on two wheels, drawn

by a pair of mules. On getting into it, at the back, I saw my luggage at the further end swinging in a rope network which supplied the place of a flooring; there was a space left for me. After sliding on to the seat, I found my legs dangling in the net which almost touched the ground; another passenger got in in the same manner, and sat nearly opposite to me. Off started the mules, obedient to the voice of the driver who ran by their side. The road if it may be so called, was covered with loose stones about the size of cricket balls; the *tartana* being without springs, we were tossed about in a most extraordinary manner, our legs became twisted in the network, and portions of the luggage tumbled upon them every now and then, so that we ran the risk of having a limb fractured.

I was glad enough to get out and walk for two or three miles. As I was trudging along, my attention was drawn towards two mounted persons who were approaching from the direction of Zaragoza. The first was a young and pretty woman, riding on a large and very handsome mule, whose head was decorated with worsted ornaments of brilliant colours. The damsel sat sideways on a gay, well-stuffed pack-saddle with a back to it. Her costume was very remarkable. She wore a small cap, fitting tight to the head; around the throat was a large high ruff: her white bodice was full of plaits, and extremely short

waisted, with very full plaited sleeves, also white, and so long that only the tips of the fingers were to be seen; the lower part of the dress consisted of a fine woollen skirt of a pea-green colour, extremely ample and long, like that of an English riding-habit.

The other person was a stout man in a brown cloak; a pair of *alforjas*, or woollen saddle-bags were slung across his mule's loins. On inquiry, I found that the young lady was the daughter of an Aragonese farmer living in the interior of the country, and that the man was most likely her servant. It was highly interesting to see this ancient Aragonese riding costume, which recalled to my memory the figure of Queen Elizabeth in the Tower of London when about to mount her palfrey; though the dress of the Aragonese damsel was, of course, of more simple materials than that of England's maiden Queen.

The villages through which we passed were full of wretched mendicants. We traversed vast plains overgrown with wild thyme and other aromatic herbs, which afford pasture for immense flocks of sheep, whose owners pay very large sums to the proprietor of the land for the pasture. The land-owner, a grandee of Spain, who derives so considerable an income from his property has never visited it.

At the village of Burèa are the ruins of what was once a large palace; but it has been suffered to sink into decay.

As we approached the capital of Aragon, the land was well cultivated, and there was a good deal of traffic on the road, which also became better; and at the close of day we arrived, without accident, at the celebrated city of Zaragoza.

CHAPTER II.

Situation of Zaragoza—The Aljaferia—Siege of Zaragoza—Heroic conduct of the women of Zaragoza—Church of Nuestra Senora del Pillar—Tradition of the Pillar—Cathedral of La Seu—Streets in Zaragoza—Gipsies—Horse-dealing—Opportune arrival—Character of the Aragonese—Hospital of La Misericordia—Military execution.

THE capital of Aragon is most advantageously situated on the left bank of the Ebro, over which there is a stone bridge of seven arches leading to an extensive suburb. There is considerable traffic on the river by means of large boats or lighters. The Gallego and a smaller stream, the Huerva, are tributaries to the Ebro, and serve to irrigate the surrounding cultivated land; whilst the intercourse with other parts of the province, and with the viceroyalty of Navarre, is facilitated and rendered highly profitable by the canal of Aragon, which runs in a direction nearly parallel to the source of the Ebro.

The wall which surrounds the city is more adapted as a barrier to shut out *contrabandistas* than as a defence

against artillery. There are eight gates, but not of great strength, at which the town dues upon provisions are collected; and there were at this period some batteries and other outworks for the protection of the city against attacks from the Carlists.

The Aljaferia, at a short distance from the gates and close to the road to New Castille, possesses much interest from the circumstance of its having formerly been the palace of the Moorish kings. It was subsequently ceded to the Inquisition, and under Philip V. was converted into a fortress of small importance. During the late civil contest it was used as a depôt for prisoners of war.

The landscape surrounding Zaragoza is extremely pleasing. A fertile plain of great extent, highly cultivated land, olive plantations, picturesque country-houses, called *torres*, with extensive gardens, vineyards, a noble river flowing through this diversified plain, a clear sky, the city with its towers and spires, and its recollections—all unite to please the eye and interest the feelings.

I perambulated the ancient and heroic city of Zaragoza with the liveliest interest. Its streets are in general narrow and badly paved, but there are several of good width; and the *Coso*, almost in the centre of the city, is very broad and long, containing some superior public edifices, and a variety of large ancient mansions, many of them with extensive *patios*, or internal courts, with arcades

supported by marble columns. In the centre of it is a handsome fountain of modern construction.

A great portion of the more antique division of Zaragoza which consisted of narrow streets, churches, and convents, was destroyed during the two memorable sieges in 1808 and 1809, when the inhabitants so nobly defended themselves against the overwhelming forces of the French, commanded by some of Napoleon's best generals; the ground on which that part of the city formerly stood is now converted into handsome promenades planted with fine trees. Here and there, however, a ruined arch, or part of a convent wall, grimly remind the traveller of the horrors of war; whilst the marks of cannon-shot and musket-balls by which the houses are indented—and the citizens are justly proud of these mementoes—prove how desperate must have been the struggle throughout those sieges, the soul-stirring details of which have been so ably and eloquently narrated by eminent writers, that it would be presumptious to attempt a description of them in this place. The late and lamented Dr. Southey has well and truly said, that "in the annals of ancient or modern times there is not a single event more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Zaragoza. This devoted people purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth—a place in the memory and the love of all good men, in all

ages that are yet to come. They performed their duty they left an example to their country never to be forgotten —never to be out of mind."

How can we sufficiently admire the noble and heroic conduct of the women of Zaragoza, from the highest to the lowest classes, under these harrowing circumstances? Placing their trust in the *Virgen del Pillar*, they feared not, but "in the combat where the fight was thickest—on the ramparts where the fire was most deadly—in the hospitals—in the dark and airless dens of pestilence, breathing a tainted and noisome atmosphere—there were they found, 'those meek-eyed women without fear,' soothing the dying, ministering to the suffering, and exhibiting a proud and memorable spectacle of fortitude."

The magnificent church of Nuestra Señora del Pillar—our Lady of the Pillar—the patroness of Zaragoza, is well worthy of inspection. Its exterior, however, presents nothing remarkable except several domes covered with glazed tiles, which give a peculiar and oriental character to the edifice, which is built of brick, and forms one side of the *plaza*, or square del Pillar.

But this outward plainness is redeemed by the vastness and magnificence of the interior. There are three lofty and spacious naves; the choir is enclosed by a bronze screen of curious workmanship, and is said to have cost, in the sixteenth century, 21,647 reals, or about £216,

which in Aragon, and in those days, was a large sum. There are fifteen stalls in this choir, elaborately sculptured; they are made of a very hard wood, said to be *roble de Flandes*, or hard Flemish oak, and they cost 58,253 reals, or £582.

The grand altar is principally of sculptured alabaster. In the centre is the Assumption of the Virgin; on one side the Nativity, and on the other the presentation of Christ in the Temple. There are several lateral chapels with rich altars, and some good paintings in the sacristy, sepecially one of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence by Ribera.

But the great object of attraction is the chapel of Nuestra Señora del Pillar, where the venerated image of the Virgin is preserved. This chapel rises like a small isolated temple underneath the grand cupola of the church. Its ornaments and riches are too numerous to be described. It is of oval form, and is separated from the church by a gilt balustrade. There are three altars; that in the centre being surmounted by a beautifully executed piece of sculpture in white marble, representing the arrival of the Holy Virgin at Zaragoza surrounded by angels and cherubim. The ceiling is embellished with fresco paintings of great merit. A variety of medallions and bas-reliefs adorn other parts of the chapel.

The altar on the right hand is specially dedicated to our Lady of the Pillar. It has only one figure—the miraculous image. Its head is encircled by a glory of pure gold, studded with a profusion of precious stones of immense value; the glitter produced by them being so powerful that it is impossible to see the face of the image which stands upon the jasper pillar from whence it derives its name. The tradition is, that this pillar, and the small image by which it is surmounted, were brought through the air from Jerusalem by the Virgin Mary herself during her lifetime, and given by her to the apostle St. James—who was then at Zaragoza with a few disciples preaching the Gospel—with directions to build a Christian Temple on the spot where the Church of the Pillar now stands; the Virgin promising to patronise, during all time, the city where this holy image is venerated.

The Church of the Pillar possesses, besides the objects just described, a profusion of sculpture, paintings, and highly polished marbles of great beauty and variety; and its *custodia*, or *sagrario*, where the sacred vessels are preserved, contains vast riches in gold, silver and precious stones.

The metropolitan church, or cathedral, called La Seu, is situated in a small plaza, where the Archbishop's palace also stands; the latter, however, does not present any remarkable external features.

The portico of La Seu is modern, and is surmounted by statues of the Saviour, St. Peter, and St. Paul. The dial in the clock-tower is supported by allegorical statues of Time and Vigilance; and on the summit are others representing the Cardinal Virtues.

The interior of this cathedral is in the Gothic style. There are five naves separated by massive stone columns. The choir is in the centre nave, and almost in the middle of the church. I observed a large monument which encloses the mortal remains of a Grand Inquisitor; its adornments are characteristic, that is to say, six large marble pillars to which are chained, apparently in the agonies of torture, six Moors. The writhing of their bodies is sculptured with painful correctness, whilst their uplifted faces—the features are like those of negroes—indicate a hopeless pleading for mercy. These figures, which are of the natural size, as well as the chains by which they appear to be bound to the columns, are of white marble.

There are a number of richly ornamental chapels, in some of which, as well as in the sacristy, are paintings of merit. The *tésoréria*, or depository of jewellery, is still very valuable. There are several busts in solid silver, of saints and bishops; they are placed on the high altar on certain festivals, and being of the full size have a very singular effect. There is also a rich silver cabinet for

containing the Holy Sacrament; it represents a Gothic edifice with three divisions, the first being ornamented with small statues of saints. It is said to weigh four hundred pounds. Several other churches in Zaragoza merit inspection.

Many of the streets are named after the trades and manufactures carried on in them, such as the *Sombrereria*, or hat-makers' street; the *Cuchilleria*, or knife-makers'; the *Plateria*, or gold and silversmiths' street. In the latter street lived my acquaintances the *Plateros*, whom I went to see, and was received with much cordiality. The *Plateria* street is long, narrow, and winding, and is full of little shops with glass cases on each side of the half-door containing specimens of the master's art; such as silver spoons and forks; large silver-gilt ear-rings, many of them with an acorn for the drop; these are worn by the peasant women, and form a large item of the manufacture in the *Plateria*. There is also a profusion of silver images of the *Virgen del Pillar*, which meet with a ready sale. The masters all work at their trade themselves; they make very neat gold rings, one of the favourite patterns being two hands clasped together as emblems of union and affection.

I made up my mind to engage a servant at Zaragoza, to purchase a horse for my own riding, and a baggage animal, and to reduce my luggage as much as possible,

so that my man might ride also. It was a difficult matter to get a servant uniting in his person the requisite qualities. A variety presented themselves for my choice, old and young; some apparently docile, others with a bold and careless manner which was far from attractive. I at length engaged one who was strongly recommended to me. He was a very tall and thin young man, who had formerly been a carabineer or custom-house soldier. He wore a neat jacket with bell-buttons, and a high, conical Aragonese hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of this hat was adorned with silken tassels; a red worsted sash, brown breeches, and long leathern gaiters completed his costume. His countenance might be said to be of a serio-comic cast. He professed to understand horses; to be able to concoct a *puchero*, or stew; and to be accustomed to all the little contrivances so necessary on a Spanish tour. His name was Sebastian.

Having hired a servant, the next thing was to provide myself with horses. Good horses were scarce in Zaragoza, for there had been a great demand for them by officers in the army. Understanding that there was a horse-market every Thursday on the *arrabal*, or quay which runs along the bank of the Ebro, I sallied forth under a scorching noonday sun attended by Sebastian with the view of making a purchase.

The market was a most curious one. In Spain the gipsies are the principal horse-dealers. They go from fair to fair, and from town to town; not only in pursuance of this vocation, but of every other gipsy art. They are celebrated for their dexterity in shearing mules; also for metamorphosing horses from a worthless into a passable appearance for market-day by a variety of doctoring and trimming processes.

When I arrived at the long dusty quay, it was crowded with horses, mules, and asses. On a heap of planks between the wall of the town and that bordering the river were seated groups of female gipsies of all ages. The old women were frightful; their deeply-wrinkled faces were almost as black as those of negresses, and as they cowered over an earthen kettle simmering on a charcoal fire contained in an iron pan, they reminded me of the witches in Macbeth. The younger women were tall and well made, having a profusion of coarse black hair, fierce black eyes and white teeth, with ear-rings full three inches long and so heavy that the ears were drawn down to a great length; some I observed to be slit through by the wire, the ear-rings in those cases being suspended by a strong thread fixed round the ear itself. They wore gaudy, many-coloured, cotton gowns, generally dirty, but flounced and bedizened with gay ribbons. Their fingers were covered with rings, both of gold and silver tinge;

and their sleeves were fastened at the wrist by rows of gilt, open-worked buttons hanging loosely. A number of half-naked, dirty, but sharp and merry-looking, tawny children were crawling and gambolling about the planks, or rolling in the dust along with the donkeys belonging to the community.

Tied up to rings in the town-wall behind the women were several mules, some tall and handsome, others mangy-looking. These were being shorn by the gipsy *esquiladores* or shearers. These men generally had bright-coloured cotton handkerchiefs round their heads, the long ends being tied behind; some had peaked hats on the top of the handkerchiefs. Their throats were bare; and were brown and brawny in appearance. They wore for the most part brown velveteen, or cloth, short jackets, the place of buttons being supplied by silver coins thickly sewed on; around their loins were broad leathern pouches, containing shears and scissors of every variety of shape sticking up in front of them like knives out of a knife-case. The *gitanos* had generally handsome features, and quick, sparkling dark eyes; their faces were in most instances covered with black, bushy whiskers; and when a paper cigar, slightly bent upwards, peeped out from a mouth thus surrounded, and threw up its little column of smoke, it put me in mind of the white chimney of a thatched cottage. Groups of idlers looked on knowingly,

whilst the shearing operations were in progress, making pithy remarks upon any queer animals that were brought to be divested of their superabundant hair, and jocosely criticising the actions of the operators.

My man, Sebastian, perceiving that my attention was riveted on the shearers of mules, whilst my object in visiting the market was to purchase horses, gave me a hint, with that *franqueza*, or respectful independence which is characteristic of the Spaniards of the humbler classes, and renders the relations between master and servant more companionable than they could be in such a country as England, where the distinctions in the different grades of society are necessarily more strongly defined.

"Señor," said Sebastian, seeing that the cigar I had in my mouth was extinguished, and offering me a bit of burning tinder on the little flint from which he had just struck a light with the steel which he held between his right forefinger and thumb, "Señor, do you wish a light?"

I took the flint and tinder; and whilst I was relighting my cigar, Sebastian suggested that it might be as well to walk through the market and see what horses there were for sale. I readily acquiesced, and we plunged at once into the Zaragozan Smithfield.

I will not attempt to describe the varieties of the horse species which came under my observation. A stout sleek man, of about forty, in a low, broad-brimmed hat, and

brown cloth cloak gracefully hanging over one shoulder, soon came up to me, and having wished me good morning, said that he had been told I was in search of a good horse, and that he had one for sale which he thought would suit me.

"Where is he?" said I.

"I'll send for him directly, Señor; he is a capital horse, though rather low in condition, as he has just performed a long journey."

Presently he cried: "Here he comes!" and the crowd began clearing the way right and left for a tall, bony, black horse, without saddle or bridle—only a halter—mounted by a gipsy lad about twelve years old, clothed in a coloured shirt, and loose, coarse linen trousers, drawn up to the knees by the action of riding, leaving the legs bare to the ankles, around which were twisted the thongs of a pair of hempen sandals. The little fellow's head was enveloped in a red cotton handkerchief fitting close to the skull, the ends flowing behind. The horse came tearing along at full speed; the boy clinging to him with his bare legs, with bended back, and head thrust forward, urging the animal on with heels and voice; his manner and attitude were Arab-like as he dashed by us. He soon drew up, and returned at a walking pace.

A group of gipsy, and other horse-jockeys—called *chalanes* by the Spaniards—had by this time collected

around us: and as the boy brought the horse to a stand-still before the fat man, the latter, turning round to me, said:

"This, indeed, is a capital horse, Señor!"

He might have been for aught I knew; but certainly his looks were against him. Not only was he very high in the bone, but his back was sore, and as he stood, the ears, instead of being erect, were thrown back, which gave him a vicious look. I said I did not like him.

"What fault do you find in him?" said the fat dealer.

"Why, first of all, he has a sore back."

"Oh, that's nothing!" said a rather ferocious-looking gipsy, with a slender but tough-looking stick thrust between his woollen sash and his vest, "that's nothing: I'll cure that in two days."

"What age is the horse?" said I.

"Six years old."

I went up to the animal, and was proceeding to examine his mouth, when he threw up his head, and at the same time wheeled round, and struck out with both his heels; and the gipsy boy on his back pretending to pacify him, though in reality, I have no doubt he was the cause of the manœuvre to prevent me from seeing that the mark was out of his mouth. I saw at once how matters stood; the *chalanes* no doubt thought, and perhaps their conjectures were well founded, that the *estrangéro* was but an

indifferent judge of horseflesh, and that they might easily palm this animal upon me.

The people by whom I was surrounded were by no means prepossessing; all spoke at once, some offering to bring me other *cavallos* to try, others endeavouring to worry me into purchasing the black horse, which was put into his different paces by the boy. I turned a deaf ear to all they said; but should perhaps have found difficulty in getting clear of them had it not been for the opportune arrival of Don Pedro, a most respectable inhabitant of Zaragoza, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. He was returning from his *torre*, or country-house, on his sleek mule, and seeing me in such equivocal company, came to my succour. The gipsies and *chalanes* all made way for Don Pedro, who, dismounting and giving his mule to Sebastian, took my arm and walked with me into the city; warning me kindly as we went along against the *gitanos*, who, he said, were the veriest *pillos* —scoundrels—in existence.

On the following day I bought two horses which had belonged to a staff-officer who had been killed in action.

Zaragoza is well supplied with provisions of every description. The principal market, called *El Mercado*, is very extensive. There are a number of excellent shops, especially in the *Coso*.

There is a good theatre where Italian operas were performed by a well-composed Italian company every other night; the alternate nights being devoted to Spanish performances, which were well acted; the scenic decorations were excellent, and would have called forth applause in any country.

During my stay in Zaragoza, I experienced the greatest kindness, and shall ever feel attached to my friends in that city. Among the clergy, the liberal professions, the gentry, and commercial classes, there are great numbers of enlightened and well-educated individuals: the mass of the people are intelligent and industrious. The Aragonese, as before observed, have the reputation of being stubborn and prejudiced: but the firmness with which they insist that Aragon and Zaragoza are superior to any other country or city has something noble in it, seeing that they know how to prove their sincerity by heroic deeds. If the Aragonese are cold in their manner, they also possess upright minds and sound judgment; and even when excited, as I have seen them, to a dangerous point in argument, if an unprejudiced person in whom they have confidence remonstrate mildly with them, they will listen to reason and admit their error. If they be proud, they are also polite and hospitable to strangers, and will cheerfully and indefatigably exert themselves to render them a service.

There are several hospitals and other charitable establishments in Zaragoza, especially the Hospicio de la Misericordia, where more than seven hundred necessitous persons of both sexes, and of all ages, are maintained and employed; the old and helpless are comfortably provided for; the young are taught various manufactures, and are placed out at the proper age; employment likewise is given to those of riper years.

One source of the revenue of this charitable establishment is the profit arising from the bull-fights which take place periodically in a large and handsome amphitheatre built on the premises. The most productive of these *Corridas de Toros*, as they are called, are those during the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pillar.

In a commodious building, men and women who have no homes, or who may be passing through Zaragoza without the means of paying for lodgings, are comfortably accommodated for the night in separate wards, and provided with a wholesome meal on entering and departing.

Zaragoza is the seat of a University, and has produced many eminent men in the different branches of literature and the arts.

A few days before I left, there was a military execution in conformity with the sentence of a court-martial. The culprit had not only deserted to the enemy, but having

shot a Major of one of the Queen of Spain's regiments, he was afterwards taken with arms in his hands.

The place appointed for the execution is called the Campo del Sepulcro, an ample space at a short distance outside the city. The battalion to which the deserter had belonged, and some cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the National Guard, were drawn up in the Campo, at one angle of which there is a tiled shed, its blank wall facing the troops. At a short distance in advance of this wall was a wooden post, from which at about a foot and a half from the ground a narrow seat jutted; three musket-balls which had evidently traversed the body of some unfortunate malefactor were embedded in the post.

The concourse of persons was not very great; a considerable portion consisted of women and boys. The Campo del Sepulcro is paved all over, and is used as a threshing-floor for the corn gathered from the neighbouring fields. There were several heaps of bean-straw ready placed for being trodden out; some of them were close to the spot where the man was to be shot, and great numbers of boys were amusing themselves by, at one moment, examining the fatal seat, and the next tumbling over head and heels on the bean-straw, covering each other with it, and laughing and leaping with as much buoyancy of spirit and action as though they were beguiling the

time until the arrival of Punchinello, or any other puppet dressed out for their diversion.

Previously to the arrival of the prisoner, a soldier was to be seen winding his way among the crowd, ringing a little bell with one hand, whilst in the other he held a silver plate. He was collecting money from the bystanders to pay for masses for the repose of the soul about to be separated from its earthly tenement.

Soon the sound of the funeral drum was heard, and the melancholy procession approached. It passed behind the ranks of the troops drawn up, and entered the Campo del Sepulcro at an open space between the cavalry and infantry.

First came twelve members of a *Hermandad*, or brotherhood, one of whose charitable duties it is to receive and convey with decency to the grave the bodies of all who, by sentence of the law, forfeit their lives in expiation of their crimes. The costume of these brethren consisted of a long gown of glazed black stuff tied round the middle with a cord of the same hue; their heads were enveloped in a species of cowl, from which fell down behind, as low as the waist, a triangular piece of the same glossy black stuff as that of which the gown was made; these appendages are crimped up in half-open horizontal rows, so that as the wearers moved slowly along, they sprang up and down, producing an effect which, were not the occasions

on which these elastic lappets are displayed so solemn, would be ludicrous: each brother held a large waxen torch lighted in his hand.

Immediately afterwards came an ecclesiastic carrying a large crucifix; the wounds and flagellated back of the Saviour were prominently marked. Close to the bearer of the Cross was the prisoner, attended on each side of him by a military chaplain bareheaded. The prisoner, a man of about thirty, wore a green military jacket, coarse white linen trousers, and *alpargatas*, or sandals; on his head was a foraging cap. His hands were tied before him, and fixed between them was a small crucifix; the procession was closed by a few soldiers. The countenance of the culprit was forbidding: the colour of his face was a dark yellow; he was perfectly collected, and kept pace with the beating of the funeral drum. The chaplains were constantly addressing to him short sentences in under tones, and, apparently by the movements of his lips, he was making responses. Ever and anon the large crucifix which was carried in front of him was lowered by the ecclesiastic who bore it, so that the penitent might kiss the hands, side, and feet, which he did with apparent reverence. When the procession arrived in front of the regiment to which he had belonged, he was instructed to kneel down whilst the Town-Major of Zaragoza read the sentence in a loud voice.

The procession now moved across the Campo del Sepulcro in a direct line to the place of execution. As it approached, the chaplains were more urgent in their attentions, and the responses of the unfortunate man were uttered in a loud and firm voice. At last the lugubrious brethren, who had till now preceded the prisoner, separated to the right and left; and he saw before him, within a few feet, the fatal seat already described: neither his countenance nor his manner changed in the slightest degree at this awful sight. After a moment's pause he was led to the place by one of the chaplains, who sat down on the low bench whilst the soldier knelt before him; they communed together for a few minutes—the manner of the chaplain, a young man, was affectionate and impressive; at one time he took off the soldier's foraging cap, and placing his hands upon his head appeared to be bestowing a blessing upon him.

At length the chaplain rose, and the soldier occupied his place on the low seat. His arms and body were strongly tied to the post behind it; and whilst thus sitting he called out in a loud and firm voice: "*Compañeros del batallon me perdonais?*—Companions of the regiment, do ye pardon me?" No answer was returned: he repeated the question—still no answer; but the Christian chaplain spoke to him, and no doubt satisfied his mind. I think the troops were too far off to hear him. A new

white cotton handkerchief, doubled triangularly, was now tied over his eyes and face, and the chaplain who had retired about two yards pronounced the creed in short sentences, which were firmly repeated by the penitent sinner, now on the brink of eternity. The effect was most solemn, singular, and affecting; the voice of the robust young man who was so soon to be a corpse, coming from under the white handkerchief; the black brethren with their lighted tapers standing to the right and left; the chaplains performing their last duties; the solemn silence which reigned around; and, just as the creed was being finished, the quiet approach of eight soldiers belonging to the culprit's own regiment under the command of an officer; all this, I say, was imposing and affecting. The soldiers were drawn up in two ranks—four in each. The *credo* being finished, and every one having retired from the soldier's side—his breast having been previously bared—the chaplain, who stood by the officer, absolved the prisoner in a clear and elevated voice. Whilst this short ceremony was being performed, the four soldiers in the front rank were ordered by the officer to "make ready and present." As the chaplain uttered the last word, the officer said "fire!" and in a second the soldier's breast was pierced with four musket-balls. He fell dead without a groan.

The members of the *Hermandad* then performed their

charitable office; a small black covered cart with a skull and cross-bones painted on the panels was slowly drawn forth from under the shed by a mule, and the body was placed in it and conveyed to the cemetery. The troops were marched off, the crowd dispersed, the boys renewed their gambols among the heaps of bean-straw, and I wended my way to my inn, ruminating sadly on all I had witnessed.

CHAPTER III.

Passage-boats between Zaragoza and Tudela—The Imperial Canal—Canon Piñatelli—Machinery of the Canal—Tudela—Ride to Alfáro—Curious contrivance—Alfáro—Ausejo—Loyalty of the people—Conversation with a *Cura*—The Duke of Wellington—Comfortable quarters—Fortified bridge—Arrival at Pamplona.

Having heard a good deal about the Canal of Aragon, on which there are passage-boats between Zaragoza and Tudela, in Navarre, I sent Sebastian on with the horses to the latter city with directions to wait for me there, and on the following day took my departure by water.

The place of embarkation is at the Casa Blanca, or White House, about a mile and a half from Zaragoza. I proceeded thither at five in the morning in a *tartana*, the road lying through a grove of fine trees forming an agreeable promenade. The passage-boat was on the point of starting, so I jumped on board and found myself amongst a motley group. There were women and children, farmers, monks, students, and grave folks in ample

brown cloth cloaks and high-crowned hats, whose station in society it would have been difficult to guess.

The boat was long and narrow; the centre being occupied by a raised deck which formed the roof of the cabin, into which I presently descended by a short companion-ladder, and found it clean and comfortable, with rows of small windows on each side; a table running its whole length, and benches being all round. At the entrance, outside the cabin-door, was a little kitchen.

Having reconnoitred the cabin, I again went on deck and found that the boat was being towed by two mules trotting along the bank at the rate of about four miles an hour. The boatmen wore oblong hairy caps, something like old-fashioned English travelling-caps.

Our passage to the small town of Gallur—rather more than half-way to Tudela—was a very pleasant one. The canal runs smoothly through a highly cultivated country, the fields being irrigated by its waters, which are let out, by means of simple but efficient machinery, at convenient points, designated by Saints' names, in front of the small tenements by which the machinery is sheltered.

It is a very remarkable and most interesting fact, that this Imperial Canal—as it is called from the circumstance of its having been commenced by the Emperor Charles V. and first King of Spain of that name—was begun in the year 1538, more than three hundred years ago, when in

our own country, and others, now so far advanced in science and art, very little or no progress had been made in undertakings of this nature.

The works, however, were suspended for more than two hundred years, after which lapse of time they were recommenced under the reign of Charles III. by a Dutch company; this noble project, however, would no doubt have been abandoned altogether, but for the zeal and indefatigable perseverance of an Aragonese of very superior character and attainments, the Canon Piñatelli, a native of Zaragoza, who in the year 1798 took on himself the patriotic task of completing it to its present length, namely, about sixteen leagues, or fifty miles. It is nine feet deep and sixty-four wide; there are several neat bridges over it. In the valley of Jalon, an aqueduct or trough of masonry conducts the canal over the River Jalon.

The original plan was to open a water communication between Biscay and the Mediterranean by means of this canal which runs parallel with the Ebro, whence it derives its waters. That river is navigable only from its mouth near Tortosa in Cataluña to Sastago in Aragon; in other parts there are so many shallows and little islands, that traffic is uncertain, and, in many instances, impracticable. In this, as in a great number of instances in Spain, peace and good government are the only requisites

for the promotion and completion of many useful public works.

At Gallur there is a good inn for the accommodation of the passengers by the canal boats, and I enjoyed the company of a clean bed in a snug little room. Early on the following morning we re-embarked, and after a tranquil progress of about five hours we arrived at El Bocal, where the passengers disembark. It is four miles from Tudela. An intelligent young Spaniard, one of my fellow-travellers, obligingly offered to accompany me to see *La Obra*, or the machinery for letting the waters of the Ebro into the canal. The reservoir, hydraulic and other apparatus, may be said to be on a superior scale, if we bear in mind that they were begun to be constructed three centuries ago, when science was in so imperfect a state, and that they have continued to act effectively ever since they were brought into action.

The Palacio Imperial, in the grounds of El Bocal, is merely a very commodious house neatly and comfortably furnished; round some of the rooms there are good engravings, representing different views of the canal. This Palacio was erected and fitted up for the reception of the Emperor Charles V., and other succeeding sovereigns of Spain, or personages of distinction who might arrive to inspect the canal. The guardian in charge of the Palacio

was a fine old man who had been a prisoner of war in England. He was very chatty and obliging.

There are carriages at El Bocal to convey the passengers to Tudela. For about a mile before reaching this, the second city of Navarre, the road, bordered by olive plantations, was crowded by well-dressed people enjoying their afternoon promenade, favoured by the most beautiful weather.

Tudela is the seat of a bishopric, and is a populous city; the plaza is extensive and regularly built, but the streets are generally narrow.

On the following morning I continued my journey on horseback, crossing the long, well-constructed, and at this time fortified bridge over the Ebro, which, as is well known, forms the division between Navarre and Old Castille.

A kind-hearted and intelligent inhabitant of Tudela, to whom I had letters of introduction, and who was also a captain of the National Guard of that city, having occasion to go to Alfáro, a distance of three leagues, and which lay in my route, recommended me to send my servant forward as we could trot on together an hour or two afterwards, and easily overtake him at a later part of the day. I was delighted to have so pleasant a companion, and Sebastian started early in company with some farmers of humble degree who were returning to their homes, glad

to take their mules and asses back, after performing the very troublesome and profitless service of supplying *bagajes*, or baggage animals for the army.

The weather was clear and fine, but the wind was excessively high, raising clouds of dust in our faces and causing the horses almost to stagger. The road occasionally runs by the side of deep *barrancos*, or fissures; here and there some isolated hillocks of dry earth of a sandy colour had a desolate effect. We met only three persons between Tudela and Alfaro.

As we were jogging along against the wind, a momentary lull occurred, and when the cloud of dust cleared off, I perceived my man Sebastian's thin face surmounted by his peaked hat, and his person enveloped in a long brown cloak. He was as upright as a dart, and was jolting apparently towards me. Presently a gust of wind again threw the dusty veil between us, but I expected every moment that Sebastian would emerge and inform me why he was coming back instead of proceeding to Alfaro as I had directed. He did not make his appearance, however, so I increased my horse's pace, and in a few minutes came in front of him again; but although the man was in movement, and his face towards me, he was evidently going the other way. I soon discovered how matters stood, or rather how they moved. Sebastian had made friends with the owners of the baggage animals, and for a trifle had

induced one of them to lend him a small donkey, the rider taking charge of the sumpter-horse. As the wind was so high, and directly in his teeth, the prudent Sebastian had seated himself with his face towards the donkey's tail, making a screen with his own back against the wind; and as his legs were very long, and the donkey's very short, the effect was highly ludicrous, both man and beast being covered by the long brown cloak. No doubt the donkey's head and ears were free, though being in the extreme advance, those interesting portions of his physical construction were hidden from my view.

As I passed, laughing heartily at this droll contrivance, Sebastian bowed his peak-surmounted head in a respectful and at the same time humorous manner, as much as to say:

"Master of mine, I know how to take care of myself."

The *borico* kept on his way in the wake of his companions; and upon looking back I observed Sebastian's long legs dangling from under his cloak, his feet almost touching the ground.

Alfáro, though called a city, is a collegiate town. The collegiate church is a spacious and handsome edifice; at this period it was fortified. Under its extensive portico several ecclesiastics were promenading at the moment I visited it. They were very courteous, and one of them wittily said:

"You see, Señor, we are propping up the church," pointing to the windows and gateway, which were bricked up as a precaution against Carlist intrusion.

A loop-holed wall protected the town, which was entered by a gate; but in other respects there was nothing to indicate that the country was in danger of that bitterest of all evils—a civil war. In the evening some cattle and several flocks of sheep were driven into the town for security; and the tavern doors were crowded with peasants talking loudly but good-humouredly, and enjoying their wine. My object was to get to Pamplona, the capital of Navarre; but it would have been in vain to attempt to do so by the direct route. It was for this reason that I crossed the Ebro at Tudela, hoping to fall in with a body of the Queen's forces in Castille, whence I knew parties frequently proceeded into Navarre to protect convoys of provisions and other materials for the army operating in the northern provinces.

I therefore started the next morning for Calahorra, and arrived at that city without any remarkable occurrence in the evening. The Cathedral is worthy of inspection. I had a letter of recommendation to one of the canons, and found him a highly intelligent, and well-bred man. After welcoming me very cordially, the worthy canon called my attention to an engraved portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which was suspended on the wainscot of his apart-

ment; and said that wherever he went he carried it with him. Of course this pleased me exceedingly; but I was still more gratified when he told me that the Duke inhabited his house at Lesaca, where his Grace's head-quarters were for some time at the close of the Peninsular war. He spoke in the highest terms of the Duke. The name of this respectable ecclesiastic was Don Pedro Sarandia. He is since dead. Calahorra is four leagues from Alfáro.

On the following day I proceeded towards Ausejo. The view of the line of the Ebro is picturesque. The Navarrese side of that river is marked by high cliffs. In the distance the town of Carear is visible, and that of St. Adrian is situated close to the shore opposite to a ford called El Vado de San Adrian. A little to the right of the road is the small town of Pradejon, which, however, to the eye of a stranger appears to be double its real size on account of the great number of *bodegas*, or wine-stores, outside the town; they have the appearance of large clusters of tiled huts. The whole distance between Calahorra and Ausejo consists, with but little interruption, of a fine plain, producing wheat, barley, rye, and grapes: here and there olive plantations are seen, especially near the little town called Villar de Arnedo, through which we passed. At the extremity of this plain there is a steep descent, then rises abruptly a lofty hill crowned by the

town of Ausejo, to which the ascent is by a narrow zig-zag road.

The inhabitants are principally *arrieros*, or carriers; and there is reason to believe that at the period I am speaking of they were occupied chiefly in smuggling contraband goods across the Ebro. However that may be, it is certain that the people seconded the Queen's government most spiritedly by enrolling themselves as National Guards, and aiding to render the naturally commanding position of their town more formidable by building a strong fort on the summit of the mount, fortifying the church, and being vigilant in giving notice of, and counteracting any expeditions that might be projected by crossing the Ebro at the numerous fords in the neighbourhood. Ausejo was also frequently occupied by large detachments of the Queen's troops operating in the Ribera, or river-line of the Ebro.

I was lodged in the house of a *Cura*, or clergyman. There were ten *Curas* in this small place, five of whom were of Carlist, and five of Constitutional principles. My worthy host happened to be of the latter persuasion. Nothing could exceed the kindness of this old gentleman; he came and sat with me, as did his nephew, a very superior young man, a student in the university of Zaragoza, and I had much interesting conversation with them. The old *Cura* did not profess to be very learned, for said he:

"I was a captain under Mina in the war of indepen-

dence, and of course had no time for study then. After the peace, I managed to qualify myself for orders; and here I am, one of the liberal *Curas* of Ausejo."

"How do you get on with the Carlist *Curas*?"

"Oh! we never meddle with their polities, nor they with ours. As the numbers are equally divided, each party forms its own little council of state, and we leave our polities at the church-door."

"I wish such were more generally the case in my country," said I.

He then asked me if Lord Wellington were still living. The generality of Spaniards, of a certain time of life, thus designate our great Duke. Sometimes they speak of him as *El Lor*, the Lord, as a title *par excellence* indicating their exalted opinion of him, in the same manner as we ourselves say "the Duke."

"Is Lord Wellington still living?" inquired the *Cura*.

On my answering in the affirmative, he said:

"He is a great man, a great general; but—" and here the *Cura* thrust his hand into the pocket of his rusty cassock, and searched for something; but not finding it, he said to his nephew, "be kind enough to fetch my *petaca*."

The young gentleman brought it directly, but not in time to anticipate me in presenting his Reverence with a *puro*, or Havana cigar. Accepting it with that grace

peculiar to the Spaniards, he politely handed me the little brazen vessel containing *lumbre*, or lighted wood-ashes, that stood on the table; on my returning it to him after lighting my own cigar, he used it for the same purpose. Having drawn in the due quantity of smoke, and allowed it to escape slowly both from his mouth and nose, he crossed one leg over the other, and looking at me significantly, smiling agreeably at the same time:

"But," said the *Cura*, "*El Lor* is not a liberal."

"Why do you say so, *Señor Cura?*"

"I'll tell you. In the war of independence I happened to be with my squadron—I was a cavalry officer—in a village when Lord Wellington arrived unexpectedly at nightfall with his staff. This occasioned a great bustle of course. Stabling was scant in the place; and some of the horses of my squadron were removed to make room for others belonging to the General's party. Complaints were made to me; I remonstrated with those who had so unceremoniously ejected my horses, but to no effect. I was then young and rather hot-headed, Señor; so off I went to Lord Wellington's quarters, and asked to speak to him. I was instantly admitted. I stated my case vehemently; and in the warmth of my complaint spoke of our sacred cause, the Constitution we were defending, &c., &c. *El Lor* heard me very patiently until I came to the word constitution, when he said sharply, 'Never mind the

Constitution, let us see what can be done about the horses;' and he directed an aide-de-camp to go with me and see that every thing should be arranged to my satisfaction; which was the case. But—" and two streams of smoke poured from the Cura's nostrils, "but those four words about the Constitution proved to me that *El Lor* is not a liberal."

"Pardon me, *Señor Cura*, they only proved that he confined himself to the business before him; and be assured, that *El Lor* was at that very moment as staunch a Constitutionalist as yourself."

The worthy *Cura* laughed, and nodding his head approvingly, said:

"*Puede ser—puede ser;* perhaps so—perhaps so."

On the shelves in my room there were some twenty old books with parchment covers, lettered in German text at the backs—they were works upon theology and jurisprudence; but from their dusty state it was evident that the *Cura* took it for granted that their contents were orthodox.

It was not until seven in the evening that Sebastian contrived to get dinner ready. I discovered that he was a great gossip, so that, although he had brought provisions from Calahorra in his *alforjas*, he found that a variety of condiments were still wanting, and was absent an hour or two getting them, as he said. However, when the dinner came it was good; and having invited the

Cura and his nephew to join me, we had a comfortable and cheerful meal. Although it was the month of May, the evening was chilly, so after nightfall we adjourned to the kitchen. All the household were assembled round the fire. The *Cura* sat in the snuggest corner of the chimney; on the bench beside him was a jug of excellent wine which he sipped at intervals, and before him was a wooden frame something like a towel-horse. This was expressly made for him to lean his two arms upon, so that he could bend over the fire duly supported. In this attitude, and with his cigar between his lips, he was the very personification of quiet enjoyment. My place was opposite to him. Several peasant men and women came in the course of the evening, apparently after working in the fields and olive-grounds.

"Ah! *Señor Cura*," said I, "this is better than campaigning; this I call a sound constitutional system."

He nodded assent, and soon afterwards we retired for the night.

Finding that a convoy of provisions for the army was to start early in the morning, I joined it. There were about two hundred mules laden with flour and biscuit. At the bridge of Lodosa forty cavalry were waiting to protect the convoy. I joined the escort, and was received by the officers with much politeness. The stone bridge over the Ebro at Lodosa was strongly fortified; it con-

sists of several arches, and in addition to the military works, dwellings were built on and at each end of it for the garrison. As we approached we were challenged by the sentinels in the usual manner; and satisfactory answers having been given, were allowed to cross the bridge and enter the town, passing through it without halting. At this time Lodosa was in a most deplorable state. The rich gardens by which it is surrounded were grubbed up, the walls of separation between them pulled down, most of the houses deserted, and of the few inhabitants that remained, the greater portion went every night to the fortified bridge to sleep; as the town being completely open on the Navarrese side, parties of *facciosos* were in the habit of entering it at night, and plundering and maltreating the inhabitants. The soil about Lodosa is argillaceous; and there are a number of caves dug out of the high banks overhanging the town; these caves serve as dwellings for a number of poor families. They are closed by rough doors, and the smoke escapes by holes pierced through the clay roofs.

Once more I was in Navarre. In the afternoon we reached Lérin, a town situated in a position similar to that of Ausejo; that is, on the summit of a high mount rising out of an extensive plain. It was fortified and full of troops, so that it was very difficult to obtain a lodging there. After waiting two days at Lérin, we proceeded to

Puente la Reyna, a good town on the river Arga, and celebrated for the excellent wine produced in the environs. Fortunately a fine division of cavalry was to march on the following day at noon for Pamplona, and the commanding officer kindly gave me permission to accompany it. We arrived by a good road at the capital of Navarre at five in the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Description of Pamplona—Description of the Festival of St. Fermin—Cathedral of Pamplona—St. Ignatius de Loyola—Anniversary of San Antonio de Padua—Duke de la Victoria—Fueros of Navarre—Butchers' market—Character of the Navarrese—Navarrese patriotism—Navarrese women—Society of Pamplona.

Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, is situated partly on an eminence in the midst of a circular plain called the *Cuenca*, or bowl, on account of its being entirely encircled by mountains. This plain is extremely fertile; the river Arga flows through it, and passes close to the walls of Pamplona, which is said to be the ancient Pompeiopolis, founded by Pompey the Great.

This city is extensive and regularly fortified, and has the advantage of not being commanded by any neighbouring height. The citadel built at the southern extremity of the works is very strong, and though outside the walls of the town, is connected with it by a drawbridge.

Pamplona possesses an advantage rarely to be met with in a fortified place; a very extensive and beautiful promenade within its walls, called *La Taconēra*, well planted with fine trees, and ornamented with tastefully laid out flower-gardens surrounded by quick-hedges which are kept in excellent order. At one extremity of this promenade is the *Mirador*, so called from being a spot whence there is a noble view of the rich valley at its foot, as well as of the surrounding mountains, on whose sides are several villages in picturesque situations. The population of Pamplona is about fifteen thousand. The city is well built; it is remarkably clean, and there are several very large and handsome mansions in it belonging to the Navarrese nobility. The Plaza del Castillo is an extensive square surrounded by good houses having arcades in front of the ground floors. It is in this *plaza* that the bull-fights take place, a certain portion of it being partitioned off on those occasions, and seats erected in the form of an amphitheatre. There is a curious custom which to English people, whose houses are their castles, may appear somewhat arbitrary—the houses which form one boundary of the arena are, during the bull-fights, at the disposal of the *Ayuntamiento*, or Corporation, who let the balconies to the spectators. One window only is allowed to be kept on each story for the families who occupy it, and they are obliged to pay for their seats at

the same rate as strangers. It is true that the *Ayuntamiento* provide the bulls and horses, hire the *picadores*, *matadores*, and *chulillos*—these are the names given to the combatants—and defray all the expenses of this national exhibition.

Although at the time I arrived at Pamplona great numbers of the inhabitants were absent from a variety of causes connected with the civil war, the promenade of *La Taconéra* was crowded every evening with gay company; and if, as I was told, the most beautiful and graceful señoras had left the city, I can only say that they must have been superlatively handsome, for there was a bright display of the better half of the creation, who appeared as free from care as though civil war were not raging around them.

The 7th of July is the festival of St. Fermin, the patron Saint of Navarre. I was much amused by some of the ceremonies and proceedings on this occasion. At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the *vispera*, or eve of the Saint's-day, the *gigantes*, or giants, who act very important parts in this festival, sallied forth from their castle—the Cathedral—surrounded by their body-guard formed of a troop of noisy boys. These giants are about twelve feet high. There were the King and Queen of the Moors, with black faces, long noses, and thin lips. Then came a Turk and Turk-*ess* both dressed very much alike, with

turbaned heads and long dirty calico gowns tied round their waists with broad green sashes. They had turned-up noses, which gave an irascible character to their physiognomies. The other two giants resembled Gog and Magog as represented in Guildhall, London; good-humoured, sturdy fellows. These giants, whose bodies were skeletons composed of light wooden framework covered by their dresses, were put in dancing motion by men concealed under their garments; they moved on towards the Town-hall, which is situated in the vegetable market, the way being cleared by a lad wearing a large paste-board head, as big as two overgrown pumpkins, resting loosely on his shoulders. In his right hand he held a short stick with a piece of twine at the end of it to which was attached an inflated bladder; trotting along in front of the giants in a swaggering manner he flapped the faces of a chosen few with the bladder. In this order the *cortége* reached the town-hall, where the giants were placed in a row as sentinels, and remained there for half an hour, unappalled by a violent thunder-storm which came on. They afterwards returned in the same order to their sacred castle for the night.

On the following morning the giants again sallied forth from the Cathedral to join the grand procession in honour of St. Fermin. There is a paved *plazuela*, or small square, enclosed with iron railings in front of the Cathedral.

Here the giants performed a sort of waltzing quadrille to the sound of the tabor and pipe, in the course of which the Queen of the Moors fell down rather violently, her face coming in contact with the threshold of the Cathedral. She was soon placed on her legs again; but the problem was solved as to whether the Ethiopian could change her skin, for the black was almost all rubbed off her Majesty's face. It was very curious to observe the different relays of giant-movers; when one was tired, the giant or giantess was left to stand still on its frame, the internal dancer would emerge from the drapery, which opened like a curtain, another would take his place, and the man who had been thus relieved from the performance of all manner of antics, shrouded by the giant's costume, would stand by and look on his successor's tricks with imperturbable gravity. The procession preceded by the giants consisted of the authorities, the clergy, and the different *Hermandades*, or members of benefit societies. The owner of the house where I lived belonged to one of these *Hermandades*. He was a fine man of about forty-five with a remarkably noble and intelligent countenance; his costume was rich and becoming, being in the old Spanish fashion, namely, a short cloak of black velvet hanging gracefully over one shoulder, showing a vest of the same material with slashed sleeves, short black silk breeches with silver knee-buckles, silk stockings, and

large silver buckles in his shoes; he had a lace ruff round his throat, and a black beaver Spanish hat turned up in front, and adorned with a plume of feathers.

The image of St. Fermin, who was the first Bishop of Pamplona, is in the Church of San Lorenzo, whither the procession proceeded. The common people declare, that a few years ago this image being soiled, a celestial bird came down and cleansed it, brushing away the dust with its wings.

In the evening there was a masked ball at the theatre; the costumes were not very striking, but gaiety and good-humour prevailed. There was one very characteristic party, a man dressed entirely in black, with a black mask, and a cocked-hat with white paper tassels at the corners. In his hand was a parchment, which he said was the last will and testament of Zumalacarreguy, the Carlist commander-in-chief; by his side stood Old Nick with a long tail and a pair of enormous red horns, which by means of a spring he drew in or greatly increased in length according as the masked notary who read the supposititious will—which was full of drolleries and political squibs—announced any thing that was displeasing or agreeable to his Satanic Majesty.

The exterior of the Cathedral has a modern portico, although the building itself is of Gothic architecture. There are several fine windows of stained glass. The cloi-

ters are very beautiful, having two rows of galleries one above the other. Formerly the Canons lived in common, and their rooms or cells opened upon the upper galleries; but they now resided separately in good houses near the Cathedral, and were said to be very rich. In the upper gallery is a room having two long old oaken benches running along its sides; this was formerly the place where the worthy *canonigos* underwent the operation of shaving. The stove for heating the water is still there.

The library is handsome, and from its numerous windows there are fine views of the surrounding country; one of the Canons, a very superior man, was so kind as to accompany me over it. There are a great number of books upon theological subjects, and several historical works; also some curious manuscripts and documents relative to the history of Navarre. The books are arranged on the shelves with the leaves outwards, the titles being impressed on the edges of the leaves.

The marble, with which the front of the choir is inlaid, is very beautiful, and is the produce of Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Aragon; the choir itself is of carved oak, and in front of the grand altar there is an iron screen curiously wrought.

The sacristy is extensive, and decorated with large mirrors. A figure of Christ, of the natural size, nailed to the cross, is partially covered with a white muslin flounced

petticoat. This custom I afterwards found to be prevalent in many Spanish churches.

During the greater part of the day, the Canons were to be seen promenading under the vestibule of the Cathedral, the bells of which were tolled almost without intermission.

Close to one of the city gates is a chapel, or *basilico*, dedicated to St. Ignatius de Loyola, founder of the Order of the Jesuits, who fell wounded on the spot on which the chapel is built, when defending the Citadel of Pamplona. It was during his confinement, in consequence of this wound, that he formed the resolution to establish his Order. This chapel is small and its exterior very humble. The interior is decorated with paintings, one of which represents Loyola lying on the ground, wounded, and surrounded by his officers; he is stretching forth his arms towards Heaven, whence a saint or apostle is descending. Another picture displays military trophies supported by two cherubs, one of whom has his foot on a cannon from the mouth of which a ball is issuing with a red flame: on the ball appear the letters I.H.S. Indulgences are granted to those who, on St. Ignatius's Saint's-day, recite a certain number of prayers before his image for the support of the Catholic Faith, peace among Catholic sovereigns, and for the extermination of heretics.

On the anniversary of the day of St. Antonio de Padua, the 13th of June, there is a strange custom in Pamplona. Ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability go about to the coffee-houses and gamble with the lower classes, male and female.

This is also a grand day in the churches. I entered into one of them, where I noticed hanging outside the door a small square board on which were painted the words: "*Hoy se sacan almas del purgatorio*—to-day souls may be got out of purgatory." The first letter of the word *Hoy* (to-day) was painted red, the others black upon a white ground.

There were scarcely any persons in the church when I arrived, but soon afterwards people—chiefly women—came pouring in; each person carrying a little basket, some two, containing a small loaf of bread and other offerings. They placed their baskets in different directions, as they could find space, on the floor of the church, and then unrolled a square piece of black serge, in which were enveloped two or three long thin wax candles, some red, others white; they fixed these in candlesticks which they also brought with them, and having spread out the black serge like a carpet, they lighted their candles at an altar lamp, and placed one on each side of their baskets. Those who had a third candle stuck it into one of the baskets, which appeared to me to be filled with sawdust

or bran. They then knelt down on the black carpet, crossed themselves, and seemed all deeply impressed with the religious ceremony which the priests were performing.

It was highly interesting and striking to see these little illuminated altars covering the whole floor of the church, each with a female figure clothed in black—her head-dress being a plain, or perhaps coarse mantilla—apparently in profound devotion before it, and praying, no doubt, for the relief from purgatory of the soul of some well-beloved relative or friend. Here and there was a man in a tattered brown cloak, whilst nigh at hand were to be seen some stout peasants with their skins as brown as their jackets. One of them was close to me, and at a certain part of the service he struck his breast with force. This action produced a hollow sound, which was followed by a deep groan, perhaps of contrition. Possibly this unfortunate man was praying for the repose of the soul of some near connexion who had fallen by his hand in this fratricidal warfare.

At the close of the service, a youth in a surplice perambulated the church, and held a silver crucifix to the lips of each individual, who kissed it. When every one had saluted the silver cross, two priests went round with plates for money, into one of which I dropped a trifle. The candles were then extinguished and laid in the empty baskets; the black carpets were wrapped up, and all

made the sign of the cross and departed. The loaves must, I think, have been given to the priests to bless, for one of them, followed by an attendant bearing a large pliable basket, went to each woman and gave her a little piece of bread, which was eaten in the church.

The residence of the Viceroy does not merit any particular description. The hall of the Palace of the Deputation, where the *Cortes*, or Parliament of Navarre, held their sittings is handsome, and is adorned by some well-executed portraits of the Kings of Navarre. Under the canopy surmounting the President's chair were portraits of Queen Isabel II. and her mother.

The ancient constitution, the *Fueros* or privileges of Navarre, for the conservation of which so much blood was shed during the late civil war, no longer exist. Among the invaluable services rendered to his country by the Duke de la Victoria, is that of having conquered the repugnance of the Navarrese to resign their ancient privileges. Very speedily after that patriotic Spaniard was elected to the Regency, he summoned a deputation from Navarre to confer with him on this important subject; and having convinced them that their real interests required that a modification of the *Fueros* should be made, an agreement was concluded between the Government and the representatives of Navarre, whereby all their essential municipal privileges—which are for the

most part excellent—were retained, but the pernicious commercial *Fueros* were abolished.

The Spanish custom-houses were by this agreement established on the French frontier; and although some prohibited goods were still, no doubt, introduced across the Pyrenees, and the duties upon others evaded by smugglers, still the system was greatly improved; and I have been assured that in Navarre and also in the Basque Provinces, where arrangements nearly upon the same principles have been made, the people are prosperous and contented, and that several flourishing manufactories now exist in places where nothing of the kind had ever before been thought of.

The institutions of Navarre were not only rational but valuable in their origin; as society now moves on, institutions ought to be modified and changed according to the march of civilization, and the new wants consequent thereon. What was advantageous under the absolute monarchy by which Spain was ruled for ages, must be detrimental when it is governed by a constitutional sovereign.

There are two market-places in Pamplona, one for fruits and vegetables, the other for meat. They are remarkably clean and well regulated, and are proofs of the efficacy of the administrative arrangements growing out of local self-government in domestic matters. The oxen

and sheep for the supply of the city are slaughtered at the *Matadéro*, or public slaughter-house outside the walls, where a municipal officer attends to ascertain that the meat is of good quality; if not, it is condemned and forthwith thrown into the river. The butchers' shops in the meat-market are enclosed within iron railings. The purchasers are not permitted to enter the shops, but there is a shelf outside each railing on which the customers place their baskets when they order their meat, the price of which is regulated by the authorities, and posted up on a board outside each shop. At a stall called the *répéso*, two persons appointed by the *Ayuntamiento*, or Corporation, attend for the purpose of re-weighing any meat which the purchasers may present for that purpose, and should it prove to be under weight, the butcher is fined. The whole of this market is under cover; above it are the town granaries, where a year's consumption of wheat is always kept. Thus, notwithstanding the large supplies required for the Queen's armies at this period, the price of bread for the inhabitants had not increased.

The Navarrese lamb is celebrated for its excellent quality. At Easter-time no less than ten thousand fat lambs are brought to Pamplona market.

Pamplona is well lighted, and is guarded at night by watchmen who are called *Sérénos*, who wear brown serge *capótes*, or loose great coats, with hoods. They are

armed with long spears, or halberds, and they proclaim the half-hours and the state of the weather. The name of *Séréno*, given to the watchmen all over Spain, arises from the fine weather usually prevalent in that country, so that the most common account they have to give of the night is, that it is *séréno*—serene, or fine.

As I was returning from visiting some of the public establishments, accompanied by a member of the *Ayuntamiento*, a highly intelligent and most obliging gentleman, we passed through a dark thoroughfare where there was a figure of the Virgin Mary in a niche with a light burning before it. The worthy magistrate quaintly remarked to me, as we went along, that as a lamp was wanted to illumine the passage, the Corporation was very glad to profit by the attention of the faithful to the Virgin to enlighten the paths of the general passengers without putting the town to any expense.

The wines of Navarre are excellent. The Perálta wine is celebrated for its rich flavour.

The Navarrese are in general grave, reserved, haughty, and brave. They are gifted with natural talent and acuteness, and are very industrious. There is a certain degree of obstinacy, and perhaps quickness at taking offence in their character; but they are faithful to the cause they espouse, and firm in their personal friendships.

The following anecdote is characteristic. During the

early part of the civil war, three Carlist battalions—two of them composed of Navarrese who had been forced into the service—were dispersed in an encounter with the Cristinos. It was natural to suppose that the men belonging to the two battalions would have returned to their homes; on the contrary, however, they all united again in a few days, and joined the Carlist General Zumalacarreguy.

On another occasion, thirty Navarrese soldiers were taken by Mina, and it appearing that they had entered Don Carlos's service by compulsion, Mina gave each man two *pesetas* (something less than two shillings) and set them free, telling them to go to their homes, first taking down their names and the name of the village to which they belonged. Shortly afterwards Mina passed through the village, and inquired after those men. Only three out of the thirty had returned, the remainder had rejoined the Carlists.

An instance of the innate determined character of the Navarrese came within my own knowledge at Pamplona. The son of the worthy people at whose house I resided was an intelligent youth of thirteen. One Sunday morning I observed that the father when he came as usual to see me was not so cheerful as he was wont to be. His fine countenance was overcast, and when he pronounced the morning salutation, his voice was tremulous, and I felt sure that something had occurred to distress him. He

remained only a few minutes with me; but almost immediately after he left, his wife entered my apartment and loitered about, frequently sighing deeply. Her interesting little daughter Angéla, about twelve years old, but gifted with intelligence beyond her age, came in at intervals, looked out of the balcony with anxiety, then returned to the other part of the house, and anon brought me my breakfast, standing as usual by my side during the meal —it was a way she had. I never could prevail upon her to sit down; though she seemed to take great pleasure in being with me during my meals, and to enjoy my droll way of talking Spanish, for I was then only beginning to express myself in that language with an approach to colloquial accuracy. Sometimes Angéla and myself discussed politics together; and I must confess that she had generally the best of the argument. Angéla was indeed much better informed as to Navarrese politics than Don Juan—as I may as well mention here, I was called in Spain. To-day, however, she did not laugh either at my blunders, or my jokes, or my politics, but replied to all my remarks by monosyllables. Upon my asking where her brother was, she said he had gone out.

"To the early mass, I suppose?" said I.

"No, Señor."

"To play with his companions?"

"No, Señor."

"Where is he then?"

Angéla fixed her beautiful black eyes on my face; their expression conveyed the mingled feelings of regret and exultation; then gently shrugging her shoulders, she left the room. I was pondering over these strange family manifestations when Don Joaquin, the father, again entered. Accepting the cigar I offered him, he sat down, and after a minute or two said to me in a half-whisper:

"*Julian se escapó*—Julian has gone off."

"Gone off," I cried. "Whither?"

"To the *montaña*—to the mountains with thirty other youngsters; they are gone to join the *voluntarios*."

This was the name given by the Navarrese to the Carlist soldiers; now it must be confessed that my worthy host was a Carlist at heart, though as he always told me, and I firmly believe truly, he did not meddle with politics, but obeyed in all things the Queen's authorities established in Pamplona. He was naturally attached to the customs and privileges of his native province, and his sympathies as naturally tended towards those who he was led to believe were struggling for their preservation.

"Ah, Señor!" continued Don Joaquin, "this is the third time that Julian has left us in this way; twice he has returned, owing to the persuasions of his uncle who lives in the mountains. He has had every indulgence at home, as you know. In order to keep him out of the influence of

companions who might ill advise him, I have had a master to teach him Latin. Julian is fond of study, and is clever. Unfortunately, however, the other day he fell in with some of his former associates, and they being *Cristinos* taunted him with his opinions, and joined by thirty other *muchachos*, he has gone to join the *voluntarios*."

"Be comforted, my good Don Joaquin; after all—yes—after all, Julian is among friends, you know."

I supposed I looked rather archly in offering this consolatory reflection, for the corners of Don Joaquin's mouth relaxed into an involuntary smile; but I had scarcely time to notice it before a cloud of smoke issued from it, and, as it cleared away, the visage of my excellent host emerged, presenting its former melancholy expression, and he said:

"Certainly we have friends in the *montaña*; but suppose poor Julian should come in the way of a musket-ball in some encounter with the *Cristinos*, what could make up for the loss of our only son, my dear Don Juan? His poor mother would die of grief, and I should not long survive her!" And the poor father's voice again became tremulous. The mother entered at this moment, and finding that I knew all, she burst into tears, saying:

"Oh! my poor Julian will be killed. I have just heard that so many boys having gone off to join the *voluntarios* a quantity of small carbines have been ordered from Bay-

onne to arm the lads who were to be employed as *cazadores*, or sharp-shooters!"

"Nonsense," I cried, "Julian will never be a sharp-shooter, he's too fond of Latin. Be assured that his uncle will keep him out of harm's way."

By these and other cheering considerations, I succeeded in calming the parents. They had not left the room more than a quarter of an hour, when Angéla returned.

"Well, Angélita, so Julian has gone to the *montaña!*"

A shrug of the shoulders and an arching of the eyebrows indicated, "I'm sure I don't know where he is!"

"Poor Julian!" said I.

"Poor Julian!" she quickly retorted; and tossing back one of the two plaits of her beautiful hair which usually hung down her back, but one tress had found its way on her bosom—tossing back the plait with an air approaching to a disdainful movement, she added; "Julian is not to be pitied, Señor Don Juan. The visit to his uncle will do him good, he'll be quite at home there."

"Well, so he will," said I, "particularly, Angéla *mia*, as he pays the visit *voluntariamente*."

Angela could not resist this; she pouted for a second, and then laughed outright. I joined with hearty goodwill, and Angéla tripped away saying:

"*Ah! Don Juan, Don Juan, es usted muy picaro!*—Ah! Don Juan, Don Juan, you are a very sly fellow!"

On the following morning, as I was taking my usual stroll outside the walls, and along a road leading to the river Arga, Don Joaquin suddenly emerged from a by-path. We both started. I had left him in his house less than an hour before busied in his usual occupation; and yet here he was, striding across the high-road, evidently anxious to strike into a lane on the other side of it; in his right hand was a stout, short, knotted staff which he held in the centre.

"Hola! Don Juan," said he, "who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"We are both taken by surprise, my friend," said I; and we stood looking at each other. At last I told him I had merely wandered thus far for a walk. Then Don Joaquin said:

"I know I may place confidence in you;" and pointing to the not far distant mountains he added; "I am going there to look after Julian."

"*Vaya usted con Dios*, my friend—may God speed you," I replied. "Give my love to Julian; tell him how glad I shall be if he will return. If you cannot persuade him to do so, beg of him to stick to his Latin like a prudent *estudiante*, and not trouble his head with politics."

Don Joaquin shook me affectionately by the hand, and bounded over the hedge with the agility of a young man of twenty.

He returned on the following day—but alone. Julian was firm. The father made arrangements for his maintenance with his uncle, and also with the *Cura* of the hamlet to give him instruction. But Julian did not remain there; he joined the Carlist army, not however as a combatant, but as he wrote a good hand and had excellent abilities, he was employed as a clerk in one of the civil departments, and remained until the pacification of the country by the Convention of Bergara.

One day I had a long conversation with Don Joaquin about French intervention, which was much spoken of at that time. He fired up at the bare idea; and telling me that he had served under Mina during the war of independence, declared that if French troops were again to enter Navarre, they would if possible meet with still rougher treatment than they did at that memorable period.

The Navarrese are a robust race; they consume much animal food, and although it is very rare to see an intoxicated person, they partake freely of the potent wine of the country. The women are handsome, and have remarkably fine hair, which the peasant classes and servants wear in one or two plaits falling down generally far below their waists. It was pleasant to see the numbers of these beautiful girls who were congregated, in the morning, around the fountain in the centre of the Plaza del Castillo to fill their buckets with water. Their atti-

tudes in lifting them on their heads were truly graceful, as was also their gait. On their way home, sometimes, the bucket—scrupulously clean and encircled with two or three rows of polished iron hoops—might be seen to totter a little when one of the damsels was met by a handsome soldier, who would chuck her under the chin and pass on; a few drops of water would perhaps fall on the fair one's arms, but all found its equilibrium in an instant, and the smile that played about the *muchacha's* mouth indicated that, after all, she was not displeased at the salutation. It is but just to say that more good-natured beings do not exist than the Spanish soldiers. So well understood are they all over the country, that the young women, instead of being offended at such little familiarities as I have just described, seem to expect them, and would regard as a dolt any precise Simon Pure who might pass them by without a chuck of the chin, or a gallant expression. But so many other occasions for describing the Spanish soldier will occur in the course of this humble work, that I will leave him here with this slight introduction, which it will be admitted is not in his disfavour.

The society of Pamplona is good and agreeable. When the head-quarters of the army happened to be there for a few days, all was gaiety. The houses of the most respectable families were open to the officers; and the *tertulias* were animated and attractive, for they were em-

bellished by the presence of amiable and beautiful ladies many of whom I fear had to endure severe heartaches; for it not unfrequently occurred that on the return of the army, after a few weeks' absence, the high-spirited and happy youth who had succeeded in winning the affections of a beautiful girl, was no longer to be found with his companions in arms—he had fallen in some encounter with the enemy. And when the regiment arrived near the gates of Pamplona, the band playing, the officers all gay and exulting, the men recognising, in a serio-comic way, as they marched in disciplined order, their sweethearts and friends, some poor Doña Antonia, or Carmen, looking in vain for her lover, would read in the countenance of his brother officers some sad omen, and at last find that she was indeed bereaved.

Frequently during my sojourn in Spain did I revisit Pamplona, and always with pleasure. May its inhabitants be in future exempt from the frightful evils invariably attendant on a state of civil war!

CHAPTER V.

Change of servant—General Cordoba—Generous conduct of the Spanish soldiers—Lérin—Posada at Lérin—Fords of the Ebro—Telegraph stations—Miránda de Ebro—Busy scene—A novel Larder—Revolving reading desk—Old Francisco—The Patrona—Refreshing siesta—Murillo—Church of Miránda de Ebro—A musical corporal—The Quinta.

At Pamplona I discovered that Sebastian was much better suited to his original calling of a custom-house carabinero than to that of a servant. So we came to an amicable understanding, and he returned to Zaragoza.

A young man was recommended to me whose uncle was a respectable mechanic of Pamplona. Felix had belonged to a *cuerpo franco*, or free corps, raised for the purpose of harassing the enemy, and for escorting and protecting parties moving from one military station to another. His relatives were anxious to get him out of this service, which brought him into contact with companions of doubtful reputation. A gentleman who took an interest in the family told me his history, and said he

had no doubt that I should find him trustworthy and diligent; I therefore took him into my service at once. I also engaged a rather elderly man, a Castilian, to take charge of a baggage-mule. In addition to a general character for honesty, Francisco was lauded by his recommender for his aptitude in loading a beast of burthen, which is an invaluable qualification on a march.

Having had the honour to be introduced to the General-in-Chief of the Army of the North, at that period the late General Cordoba, from whom I invariably experienced the greatest kindness, I marched from Pamplona with the force under his immediate command on a fine summer morning, and arrived at Lérin on the afternoon of the following day, having halted the previous night at Puente de la Reyna, a good town, which had been recently fortified.

On the second day's march the heat was excessive, occasioning great fatigue and suffering to the troops. We halted for about an hour at noon on a spot shaded by trees and near two large wells of good water; close to one of them was a small house, the door of which was fastened. Some staff-officers proceeded with half-a-dozen soldiers to examine the building before the men were allowed to approach the well. It was very amusing to notice the alacrity with which the soldiers mounted upon each other's shoulders and entered by the small windows

to seek for lurking Carlists. Their search, however, was without success. As the men squeezed their heads and shoulders out of the narrow apertures by which they had entered, their countenances bore the stamp of ludicrous disappointment.

One division marched by Artajona and Larraga, and on the road from the latter place to Lérin forty men died from heat, fatigue, and thirst. Instead of the refreshing wells we fell in with, they had nothing to drink but the stagnant water from ditches. Notwithstanding these trying circumstances, the troops marched the whole way in excellent order, and several instances of the most noble conduct occurred during this painful march. One poor fellow belonging to the infantry was evidently sinking; an officer ordered a cavalry soldier to dismount so that the man might be placed on his horse.

"No, no," cried the fainting soldier, "I am an infantry man, and will not accept any preference over my comrades."

His brother-soldier of the cavalry urged him to allow himself to be lifted on his horse, but to no purpose: shortly afterwards he died. Another who was in an exhausted state was told to give his musket to a stronger man to be carried for him; but the former replied that he was better able to carry one musket than his comrade would be to

take charge of two; "Besides," he said, "I am resolved to die with my gun in my hand,"—and he did so die.

I was indeed highly gratified with the appearance of the Spanish army, and with the conduct of the soldiers on the march.

The town of Lérin, as before stated, stands on a height. It was strongly fortified by gates and barricades of solid masonry built across the narrow streets, so that circulation, even when the town was occupied only by the inhabitants and the garrison, was difficult; but now nearly fourteen thousand men, together with artillery, baggage-mules, and their conductors were all at once crammed into this labyrinth of stone and mortar, and a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain came on just when the press was the thickest. The rain pouring on the soldiers' dusty clothing, and penetrating to their heated bodies produced a most uncomfortable steam; but they bore all with perfect good-humour, passing quaint jokes upon each other. I got wedged in amongst them, and though it was no joke at all, I profited by the good example set me by the patient soldiers, and made the best of it.

In the midst of this confusion news arrived that many poor fellows were dead and dying on the road. Instantly General Cordoba and all the other general-officers, to-

gether with the staff, fagged and drenched as they were, left the town, followed by the artillery horses drawing carts for the conveyance of the sufferers, of whom every care was taken, while the dead were decently buried.

At length the masses began to divide and clear off, and I contrived to retire to a place of shelter for the night. This was a *posáda*, but it was filled with officers and soldiers who were billeted there. Seeing a door at the end of a large crowded room, I threaded my way towards it followed by my man Felix. We found it to be a little chamber with a bed in it. I took possession of it, and despatched Felix in search of the master of the house, with directions to tell him that I would pay him handsomely for the use of the room. The bargain was soon struck, and in due time Felix brought me some cold provisions with which our *alforjas* were stored, and I made a hearty meal. Though the room was quite an ordinary one, and dirty, there was a handsome tortoise-shell and ivory cabinet in it, very much neglected, but it must have originally cost a considerable sum of money. I have often found in Spain similar anomalies in point of furniture.

On the following morning I accompanied the General-in-Chief with a numerous staff, and an escort of two hundred cavalry to the small town of Mendavia, the army proceeding by Viana. We arrived in the evening at

Logroño, the capital of the fertile district of La Rioja, in Old Castille, where, and in its vicinity, the army was principally quartered. Along the line of the Ebro telegraph stations were established to announce the enemy's movements, and especially to notice any attempts or indications on their part of an intention to cross the river at any of the numerous fords. These telegraphs were of the simplest construction, consisting of poles, on which were hoisted one, two, or three bunches of straw, as the case might be, like a ball-telegraph. At night the signals were made by holding up on a pitchfork bundles of straw, and setting fire to them.

Here it may be as well to state that the idea formed by many foreigners that the Ebro was an effectual line of separation between Navarre and Castille is quite erroneous. There are, perhaps, a hundred places where it may be forded, and many Carlist expeditions crossed in this way during the war. It was impossible for the Queen's Generals to prevent this—their attention being frequently called to points at a distance.

The moment we had crossed the Ebro, at the ford of Mendavia, an officer said to me, "We are now in Spain." Indeed the contrast between the demeanour of the people in Castille towards the Queen's forces, and that of the Navarrese was very remarkable. The former met them

with hearty and cheerful welcome; whereas in Navarre they were only tolerated.

From Logroño we went to Háro, passing through the little town of Cenicero, celebrated for the gallant defence made, a short time before, against the Carlist forces commanded in person by their renowned General—Zumalacarreguy.

We marched from Háro to Miránda de Ebro by a romantic mountain road. The windings of the river through an extensive and highly cultivated valley were seen to great advantage from the rocky eminence over which we passed. In a solitary spot about midway is a large monastery, but it was then tenanted only by a peasant and his family who were left in charge of it.

The town of Miránda consists principally of a long narrow street, at the end of which there is a good stone bridge with eight arches over the Ebro. The place was full of troops. My quarters were at the house of a middle-aged widow; my room was furnished only with a table about two feet square, and two old rush-bottomed chairs. There was an *alcova*, or recess, which had once been whitewashed, but it was now so dirty and dark that all I could discover in it was an old bedstead and a dingy mattress covered with a ragged quilt. The window was an aperture without glass, which when closed by its little doors left the room in perfect darkness. However, there

was good stabling for my horses, and, the widow being very civil, I was content to be thus housed. Having directed my servants to sprinkle and sweep out the chamber, I went forth and strolled about the town. What a bustle it was in!—Officers were gossiping in groups, the little coffee-houses, which had been established in different directions, were crowded; soldiers were running hither and thither for rations and forage; strings of mules were passing laden and unladen to and fro; and the officers' servants, or *asistentes* as they are called, were purchasing provisions and other matters at the shops and stalls. There were barrels of pickled tunny-fish, called *escabéche*, heaps of tomates, and large red and green *pimientas*, or capsicums; onions, garlic, salt fish, and a variety of other articles of solid food, as well as tempting condiments. Passing through this animated scene, I found my way to the church, a large and interesting edifice, internally decorated, however, at this period, in a way to which the eyes of the faithful were unaccustomed in peaceable times.

The fact was that the church had been converted into a depôt for provisions for the army; and that miraculous functionary, the Commissary-General—for it was wonderful in very many instances how the supplies were procured from an apparently exhausted country—had certainly united in this his temporary sanctuary, as goodly

a display of animal and other food for his military congregation as could at any time have been offered in the way of spiritual aliment to a parochial flock, by vicar, priest, or deacon.

The centre of the church was almost entirely covered with layers of *tocino*, or sides of fat bacon; the small lateral chapels being filled with sacks of flour, rice, *aluvias*, or beans, and protected in front by barricades formed of casks of Irish salt beef and pork of the most unexceptionable brands.

At the western end of the church was a lofty choir, and on the left hand, adjoining that gallery was the organ; the pipes of the organ were extended horizontally, in a fan-like form, like so many trumpets. The effect I must say is very good, and gives more the idea of sound proceeding from a veiled choir than does the usual colonnade of perpendicular pipes, which serves merely as a screen for the mechanism of the organ.

Underneath these trumpets was the broad ledge of the organ-loft, which was a balcony of open iron work overhanging the church. On this ledge were symmetrically arranged a considerable number of the more choice portions of the hog—the aristocratic hams to wit. There they were, their more bulky proportions overshadowing the interior of the organ-loft, and the knuckles outstripping the ledge, the slits in them bent eye-like and

cunningly down towards the body of the church, as though in high bred *surveillance* of the rank and file of plebeian flitches below.

Observing a little staircase in a corner, I ascended, and found myself in the choir. The floor was strewn with hams; in the centre was one of those high triangular reading-desks turning round upon a swivel, upon which the choristers' books are placed. On the side of the desk nearest to me was a huge book with heavy brass clasps; I opened it, and found a display of musical notes such as might have been suitable for the inhabitants of Brobdignag, each note being almost as long as one's little finger. Turning the desk round on its pivot, the next compartment came in front of me, and resting on it was another heavy volume as full of similar notes—of admiration to me—as the former one. Carelessly twirling the machine a third time, what should meet my startled vision but a large fat ham. The unctuous skin was of the same colour as the glossy, greasy binding of the choristers' books; peradventure it had been selected for its superior outward appearance by some epicure who had noted it down in the tablet of his scientific memory, and had translated it from the floor to the more honourable position of the revolving reading-desk, in order that he might, with all becoming solemnity, carry it off under his arm at dusk instead of the great book, the clasp of which, methought, I saw

sticking up like a brazen-faced tell-tale from a heap of hams lying on the floor of the choir. Oh that such things should happen in a church!

On returning to my quarters I found dinner ready, and Felix being cook, old Francisco waited on me. The little table was placed against the wall; the window was half-closed to keep out the scorching afternoon sun, and to diminish the swarms of flies that infested the apartment. I was sitting, as thinly clad as possible, eating my *puchéro* with nothing to attract my eye but the dirty wall, and Francisco stood behind me. He had already served me with a glass or two of wine out of the leathern bottle, or *bota* as it is called, formed of a kid-skin. On a sudden I heard him chuckling or laughing, as I thought, behind my back; and turning round sharply to ascertain the cause of this cachinnation, I beheld old Francisco holding the kid-skin *bota* about a foot from his face, which was turned back, his mouth wide open, and the generous wine falling in a ruby stream into it. The noise which I had imagined proceeded from laughter, was produced by the cool wine pattering on Francisco's uvula. Poor fellow! he certainly did not intend to interrupt his master, and thought, no doubt, that he could cherish his ancient heart without disturbing a living soul.

"Well, Francisco," said I, "is the wine good?"

"*Excelente*, Señor; shall I give you a little more?"

"If you please; and now go and take your own dinner."

In a few minutes the *patrona** came in, and asked for the table. I was just preparing to write a letter.

"Nay, nay," cried the widow, "you must not write now, but indulge in a *siesta*, and by the time you awake I shall have done with the table."

She then rushed into the *alcoba*, dragged the dirty mattress off the bed, spread it on the floor, shook up a most uninviting little pillow, and placed it at the end nearest the window, which she half closed, saying:

"*A dormir, Señor, à dormir;*" and whipping up the little table with all that was on it, she immediately vanished.

I threw back the window-shutters, and a stream of sunshine poured right upon the mattress and pillow displaying their repulsive aspect with an unmistakeable correctness. It was quite out of the question to lie down on such a couch. Summoning Felix, therefore, I desired him to restore the things to their proper place on the old bedstead, and to get some clean straw to fill the sack or palliasse which I had purchased at Pamplona.

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* The master and mistress of a house on which the military are billeted in Spain are universally called *Patron* and *Patrona;* they are pleasant and endearing terms.

Seating myself on a chair, I attempted to write; but my eyes, nose, and mouth were assailed by myriads of flies, and the room was in an incessant buzz. My pen was covered, from the part for holding it, up to the top of its long feather by an uninterrupted line of *moscas* as the Spaniards call these tormentors. Never did I before or since see such provokingly tame and familiar insects as at Miránda. I flung away my fly-bestridden pen as Felix entered with the sack of straw, which being placed on the floor, and my carpet-bag arranged as a pillow, the shutters were closed so as only to admit a gleam of light through a narrow chink; and covering my face with a handkerchief, I resigned myself to my fate, which was by no means a disagreeable one, for I soon fell into a deep sleep, which lasted until nearly sundown, when the air was cool and inviting for a stroll. I found the little table again in its place, it having, as I learned on inquiry, been used in the interval, first as the widow's own dinner-table, at which a handsome corporal of carabineers was a welcome and daily guest, and then as an ironing-board, for the lady was not only so kind as to give the corporal a dinner every day, but she washed and ironed his linen. On a subsequent visit to Miránda I found that the widow had bestowed her hand on the carabineer, who had obtained his discharge. They inhabited a better and a cleaner

house, the lower part being a shop, which they told me was a profitable concern.

The contrast between the aspect of the humbler classes in Navarre and those in this part of Old Castille is very striking. The latter are squalid, dirty, and wretchedly clothed; in a number of instances it is inconceivable how their tattered garments are held together, consisting as they do of party-coloured patches and shreds. The children of the lower classes run about with a bare covering for their little limbs; and I have seen many groups of boys basking in the sun and busied in relieving each other from a portion of the creeping colonists that had established themselves in their matted hair—groups whose rags, physiognomy, and attitudes proved how truly the celebrated Murillo portrayed this peculiar class.

Having heard that in the church-vault there was the dead body of a chorister which had escaped putrefaction, although five hundred years had elapsed since it had been animated by the vital flame, I applied to the Sacristan to show it to me. He lived in a small tenement not far from the church. I found him sitting in a melancholy mood at the door. Having explained the object of my visit, the Sacristan sighed; and turning round, pointed to a long nail driven into the wall of the room, saying:

"There hung the keys of the church, Señor, for many

years; they are no longer in my possession, neither are those of the vaults. The *Intendente* has them. I am very sorry, Señor, that I cannot comply with your wish."

Unhappy Sacristan! his occupation was indeed gone; he had now no authority even over a dead body! The Spanish friend who accompanied me whispered in my ear:

"You have not lost much, *amigo mio;* for the head is but a bare skull, the nose, eyes, ears and lips having, as the story goes, been carried off piecemeal by the many devotees who had paid their respects to the dead chorister during so many ages; and as for the body it is like a stock-fish."

I witnessed at an after period another curious scene in this Church of Miránda de Ebro. It was New Year's Day: the sacred edifice was no longer filled with commissariat stores, for they had been all consumed, and the army was living from hand to mouth. A military mass was being celebrated in honour of the anniversary, and the body of the church was filled with soldiers who had their arms, as is usual in war time. The men behaved with their accustomed decorum; and it was highly interesting to see those bronzed veterans, generally very scantily clad, though it was in the depth of winter, ranged along the church, whilst a military chaplain performed the service at the high-altar.

In the organ-loft—now bereft of its savoury adornments

—was seated on the music-stool a Corporal of infantry dressed in his loose gray coat, with his cartridge-box suspended from his cross-belts, his back being towards the Church, and his hands suspended over the keys. Suddenly, at a particular part of the service when the organ is usually played, the Corporal struck up the *Tragala*, a popular patriotic air, the chorus of the song being "*Tragala, tragala, tragala!*—Swallow it—swallow it—swallow it!" that is, the Constitution; the whole song consisting of a droll set of taunts to the Carlists, telling them they must gulp down the Constitution whether they liked it or not.

The poor soldiers who were crossing themselves with due reverence as prescribed by the ritual found their fancies so tickled by the *Tragala*, that they made the most ludicrous efforts to suppress their laughter—in a great many instances without effect. The Corporal kept playing away with the whole of the stops, trumpet and all, pulled out, until the commanding officer sent a subaltern to desire him to desist; upon which he pushed back the noisy stops and struck up Riego's Hymn in very good style, and thus relieved the soldiers from their sufferings.

The circumstance of the Corporal's being able to play the organ may be explained by the fact, that as the *quinta*, or conscription, embraced all classes, there were many young men of good family, education, and accomplishments among the non-commissioned officers.

CHAPTER VI.

Pass of Pancorbo—Remains of military works—San Salvador de Oña—Count Don Sancho Garcia—The Padre Farmaceutico—Villarcayo—Spanish convicts—Melancholy rencontre—The British Legion—General Evans—San Sebastian—The Campamento—Admirable conduct of the British Legion—General Don Miguel de Alava.

Circumstances having occurred which induced me to visit Madrid, I returned to Haro, and thence commenced my journey towards Santander, having been informed the road from that town to the capital was open.

Our route lay through the celebrated and romantic pass of Pancorbo. This remarkable defile, called the *garganta*, or gorge of Pancorbo, seems to be cut through an otherwise impassable mountain-wall, by the glittering rivulet the Oroncillo, which flows at its base. The small town of Pancorbo is built also at the foot of the pass; enormous rocks of great height and fantastic forms overhang the road, and seem ready to fall upon and crush the traveller. The road, about a quarter of a mile in length and twelve

feet wide, is very good, and runs close to the rock on one side and to the rivulet on the other; this forms the entire width of the pass. Near the centre is a small chapel hollowed out of the rock and enclosed by a gate formed of iron bars, through which may be perceived a small altar surmounted by a figure of the Virgin, before which a lamp burns night and day, its expense being paid by the town. This chapel is dedicated to Nuestra Señora del Camino, or our Lady of the Road, the protectress of travellers through the pass.

Under the guidance of my *patron*, a respectable inhabitant of Pancorbo, I ascended that side of the mountain which overhangs the town. We were involved in a mist, or cloud, some time before we reached the summit, where we inspected the remains of some very important military works which were originally erected by the Spaniards I think about the year 1795, but were taken possession of by the French in the Peninsular War, and abandoned by them after the Battle of Vitoria in 1813; my companion informed me that seven hundred prisoners were then taken by the Spaniards. I saw eight pieces of iron cannon on the very top of the mountain, and close to some dilapidated embrasures. These guns were all spiked by the French before abandoning these commanding works, which they destroyed as far as possible. I understood there were fourteen or fifteen pieces of spiked

cannon in different parts of the mountain. The barracks for the garrison were caves hollowed out of the rock, as was the powder magazine; there were also *algibes*, or tanks for water which had been dug in the solid rock. As we descended I perceived a quantity of shot and shells in the interstices of the rock, which had been thus wedged in when cast down from the summit by the French before their retreat.

Part of the road from Pancorbo to Oña is through a very picturesque country fertilized by several streams which flow through it. Considerable tracts of this productive land belonged to the Benedictine Monastery at Oña. A respectable farmer, with whom I had an interesting conversation at a later period, and subsequently to the suppression of the monasteries, did not seem to be over pleased with the change of system. He said that when harvests were bad, or other unforeseen circumstances prevented punctuality on the part of the farmers in the payment of their rent, the community being rich, would, upon satisfactory explanation, wait a reasonable time; but that since the land had, by the abolition of the monasteries, become national property, the agents of government, whose necessities were so great on account of the war, exacted punctual payment.

The town of Oña is very beautifully situated, though a poor place in itself; but the Monastery of San Salvador

de Oña—founded in the year 1008 by Count Don Sancho Garcia—which forms one side of the *plaza*, is a magnificent edifice, though it has been sadly injured since I first saw it; for after the changes just spoken of, its beautiful cloisters were used as stables for some hundreds of baggage-mules; the provisions and stores for the army, with which they had been laden having been deposited in the spacious granaries and storehouses attached to the Monastery. These cloisters contain several finely executed monuments of priors, bishops, and other high personages; some of them, I am very sorry to say, were seriously and wantonly defaced, as might have been expected, from the uses to which the cloisters had necessarily been applied. The Church is a very fine edifice.

The only monk left when I passed through Oña the second time after the lapse of several months, was the *Padre Farmaceutico*, or apothecary.

In the decree for the suppression of monasteries, a general exception was made in favour of the *Padres Farmaceuticos*, because from time immemorial medicines had been dispensed to the poor from those religious establishments, and it would not have been either humane or politic to deprive them of that benefit. Each householder paid annually half a *fanega* (25lbs.) of wheat to the Padre, who was bound to supply the family with medicines in case of illness without any additional charge.

The *Padre Farmaceutico* of Oña was a fine old gentleman. I was once lodged for a day in his apartments, and on my occasional visits to the town I always found him friendly and agreeable.

"*Vamos!*" a favourite expression of the worthy Padre, "*Vamos!* I am delighted to see you," he would say when I called upon him after a march. "*Vamos! Vamos!* sit down, and let us have a little chat."

But the worthy apotheeary could never remain still five minutes; for women and invalids were continually coming for medicines, but he was always ready to jump up, and with a kindly "*vamos!*" on his lips give them what they wanted.

Among the books in his library I observed translations from a few of our standard English works on pharmacy.

From Oña there is as fine a road as any in the world to Villarcayo. The distance is six leagues. This road is formed with great skill and boldness across mountains of considerable height.

Villarcayo presented a deplorable picture of the effects of civil war. The place having been surrounded and attacked by a large Carlist force, the Urbanos, or National Guards, after defending the town with great bravery and endurance, retired to the tower of the church, and thence fired upon the enemy who were pillaging the town. The *Cura* and the *Corregidor* were tied together

by the Carlists, and then thrust forward to the foot of the tower and ordered, under pain of death, to induce the Urbanos to surrender. Falling on their knees they besought them to do so; but the Urbanos at the top of the tower warned them off, refusing positively to yield to their supplications. The Carlists had their muskets levelled at the trembling functionaries, who were thus between two fires. The enemy, however, fearing a surprise from a body of the Queen's troops, suddenly abandoned the town after having pillaged and partly destroyed it by fire, and thus the *Cura* and the *Corregidor* were relieved from their perilous situation. The church was uninjured.

On the road from Oña we had passed a chain of *presidarios*, or convicts, and they arrived at Villarcayo in the evening. They were lodged in the church. These *presidarios* reminded me of the adventure of the galley-slaves liberated by the chivalrous Don Quixote, who received such rough and ungrateful treatment in return.

The *presidarios* were on their way to work on the canal of Castille. Their jackets and trousers were of coarse brown cloth; they were chained two together and fettered, and a strong chain ran along the centre of the line when they were travelling. I happened to be present early in the morning when they were about to commence their day's march; the majority were athletic

young men, and it appeared that among them were several *contrabandistas*, or smugglers; whilst others had been sentenced to the galleys for the very worst crimes. A few women and children were permitted to accompany their husbands and fathers.

In one of the side chapels, enclosed by an iron door, the bars of which were rather wide apart, there were some cases, open, containing biscuit for the army. One of the smallest children had squeezed himself between the bars, and was slyly handing the biscuit to the convicts as they passed. He had thus early in life begun the trade of stealing, even in a church; and yet one could hardly blame the poor little fellow for feeding the hungry *presidarios*. One of the convicts, a young man—he had been a smuggler—with a most humorous expression of countenance had made for himself a cap out of a parchment leaf or two, with the large musical notes marked thereon, torn from out of one of the huge books used by the choristers.

The gang were under the charge of a keeper, who was a tall, ferocious-looking fellow, flountingly dressed in a velveteen jacket bedizened with a profusion of gold or gilt buttons; he carried a tough stick in his right hand. Two or three *mozos*, or assistants, were attached to the keeper. A guard of soldiers accompanied the *cadéna*, or chain.

As the poor prisoners were waiting in front of the church to proceed on their melancholy journey I saw a grenadier of the Royal Guard approach one of them; they conversed together for a few minutes in whispers, and then the grenadier pulled from underneath his loose gray great coat, a loaf, and gave it to the convict, as the order was given to move on. He followed the chain with his eyes till it was out of sight, and then turned away with downcast looks. The *presidario* was a near relative of the brave grenadier, who had been shocked by accidentally seeing him in his degraded condition as he passed through the place where he was in garrison. I believe the captive had been a smuggler. As the gang of convicts marched off, I heard one of the soldiers who guarded them say on hearing the clanking of their chains; "This is the same tune the band played yesterday."

I reached Santander without accident or adventure on the fourth day after leaving Háro.

The first object that met my view in the *plaza* in which my *posada* was situated, was a fine young man in the undress uniform of a British officer mounted on a beautiful English charger. He was speedily joined by several companions equally well mounted, and they all rode gaily off together. They were officers of the British Auxiliary Legion, and had arrived from England but a short time previously.

This first glimpse of my countrymen, who, with the sanction and encouragement of the British Government, had entered into the service of the Queen of Spain, our ally, produced a most favourable impression on my mind, and inspired me with a great desire to see the whole division before continuing my journey to Madrid. General Evans was at San Sebastian with the greater part of the Legion. A favourable opportunity presenting itself on the following day, I embarked for San Sebastian, leaving my horses at Santander.

On this occasion, as well as on all others, I experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality from the officers of all ranks in the British Navy serving on the north coast of Spain as well as from those commanding and serving in the war and hired steamers in the Queen of Spain's service, and from the officers of the royal and marine artillery, engineers, and marines, forming part of the brilliant and effective British co-operative force. The same tribute is due to General Evans, to whom I had the honour of being introduced on my arrival, to all the officers of his staff, and to the officers of the Legion generally.

Scarcely had I arrived at San Sebastian when the Legion embarked for Portugalete to assist in the operations for forcing the Carlists to raise the blockade of Bilbao.

I will not attempt to describe San Sebastian further

than by saying that its position is beautiful and interesting, its celebrated castle towering over it magnificently, whilst the lighthouse on a height on the other side of the little bay is a most picturesque object. The old town was almost entirely destroyed during the memorable siege at the close of the Peninsular War, but it has been rebuilt in a superior style. The generality of the houses are constructed in a mixture of the Spanish and French taste; and those belonging to the mercantile and trading classes are elegantly and commodiously furnished. There are a number of excellent shops well supplied with both useful and ornamental articles; in some of them there was a brilliant display of French watches, jewellery, and nick-nackery, whilst every now and then, at appropriate corner-shops, with very indifferent outward signs of attraction, the joyous bounce of an emancipated cork would call your attention to the inward stomachical comforts then and there displayed in the shape of English bottled stout and Cheshire cheese, with which the brave Legionaries were regaling themselves. At that halcyon period money was plentiful, and it was freely spent in San Sebastian.

The little bay is very beautiful, and there is a fine sandy beach. I wandered round its crescent-like confines until I came to what was called the *campamento*, or collection of bathing-machines. They were fixed close to the water's

edge, and were formed of four of those long cane-like reeds so common in Spain, placed upright so as to mark out a space on the sand of about six feet square. This was covered with a sail-cloth awning closed at every side, excepting on that fronting the sea, where it opened like a tent: thence the name of *el campamento*, or the encampment.

On revisiting San Sebastian more than a year afterwards, I found not only the *campamento* swept away, but the ruins of country-houses, convents, and other edifices and habitations, told dismally of the work of devastation which in the interval had been going on, as a consequence of that most frightful of national scourges—civil war.

I embarked in a government steamer for Portugaléte. The day after the arrival of the Legion at that port, the enemy abandoned their lines and General Evans entered Bilbao with the Legion, which was quartered in the city and its vicinity.

It was at first intended that the British force should form part of an expedition for clearing the country of the enemy between Bilbao and Vitoria; but this course was afterwards abandoned, and the more rational one adopted of their remaining for some little time in Bilbao to be drilled and seasoned for active service; for it ought to be borne in mind that, among other drawbacks, these raw

recruits were not allowed to be drilled previously to their departure from England.

During the few days I remained at Bilbao, I frequently saw the different regiments on parade and in quarters; they performed their drills steadily, were orderly in quarters, and the commanders of the vessels in which they had been embarked, gave the most favourable accounts of their conduct on board ship, which I had a personal opportunity of observing in the steamer in which I took my passage, which was crowded with officers and soldiers of the Legion.

Let me add, as the result of personal observation at subsequent periods, that both in the field and elsewhere, the British Legion sustained the character of British soldiers, under disadvantages which, instead of causing ungenerous animadversions on any casualty that happened to this force, and to which the most disciplined and well-appointed regular armies are liable, ought to have roused an universal national feeling of sympathy with, and allowance for, a little knot of Britons doing good military service in a foreign land, as before observed, not only with the permission, but by the desire of their own Government, as expressed in the instrument by which the stipulations of the foreign enlistment act were suspended, specially with reference to them.

The Spanish troops at Bilbao were also in excellent order.

General Don Miguel de Alava, who had been so honourably instrumental in the formation of the British Legion, had just arrived at Bilbao, and was universally welcomed with the respect due to his high character. A few days afterwards he was summoned to Madrid by the Queen-Regent to undertake the formation of a Ministry of which he was to be the head.

I had the honour of accompanying the General. We embarked at Bilbao on board a small armed steamer called the Mazeppa, at about one in the afternoon, and arrived at Santander at nine at night.

CHAPTER VII.

Santander—Commercial activity—Mendicants at Santander—Departure from Santander—General Alava—Oil-skin Hunt—Pasiégos—Privileges of the family of Los Montéros—Ontaneda—Kindness of General Alava—Latro-Facciosos—Galéras—Ratéros—Attempt to capture two Ratéros—Sad condition of Spain.

Santander is a commercial sea-port town of great importance. The harbour is extensive, sheltered, easy of access in all weathers for merchant vessels, and the anchorage is good. A magnificent quay thirty feet wide, and of great length, runs in front of the houses and warehouses of the principal merchants, and affords great facilities for the embarking and disembarking of cargoes under the eyes of the shippers and consignees. In consequence of the distracted state of Bilbao from the frequent attacks upon it by the Carlists, Santander was rapidly absorbing the commerce of the former port. There is a great trade in colonial produce from the Havana and other ports in the islands of Cuba and Puerto

Rico, also from Manilla; and vast quantities of flour (I have heard it stated, fifty thousand barrels annually) are shipped for the Havana and other parts in return. Before the Spanish colonies in America separated themselves from the mother-country, Santander was one of the ports called *abilitados*, that is, authorized to trade with those colonies without restriction, which gave that town a positive advantage over the ports of Bilbao and San Sebastian, the vessels belonging to them being obliged to touch at Santander, and pay a per-centage to the merchants of that place for the protection of their names as the *abilitado* shippers. Since the recognition by Spain of the South American Republics, the trade has somewhat revived; but as those Republics now import direct from England and other parts of Europe the descriptions of goods which, under the old *régime*, were obliged to go through the mother-country, certain classes of commercial transactions are comparatively insignificant.

I wandered about this busy city whose quays and inner harbour, crowded with vessels of all nations, were redolent of Havana sugar, tobacco, and other colonial produce. In the lower part of the town all was bustle and activity. Carts and sledges laden with merchandise were moving along in great numbers, and every body was apparently absorbed in business, and yet one was continually being jostled by wretched mendicants. But if this was

the case in the commercial district, it was infinitely more striking in the upper quarter of the city. There the population appeared sickly, and it was painful to see so many afflicted beings wandering about barely covered with tattered patchwork.

A ragged boy ran after me holding out his small begrimed hand, and crying: "I say, penny!" Upon giving him a trifle, the little fellow leaped for joy, and having thanked me by saying "*gracias, Señor,*" ran off. Presently a swarm of tiny ragamuffins hovered and buzzed about me more closely than was quite agreeable, all crying: "I say, penny!" Suddenly I threw among them a few *quartos*, and whilst they were scrambling, I plunged into a down hill street and made my escape.

The little urchins had caught up the expression "I say" from the soldiers of the Legion, as well as the word "penny." I imagine they thought "I say" meant Englishman; for I observed afterwards that our countrymen of the Legion, were in the habit of addressing each other in that way. Some Lancers cleaning their horses outside their stables, were heard addressing one another in the following manner:

"I say, Tom, just lend me your currycomb, will you?"

His neighbour looks at him queerly for an instant, then turning to another comrade, exclaims:

"I say, what do you think? Dick Smith wants me to lend him my curry-comb; not I, indeed!"

"I say, you're a shabby fellow," cries a third. "Here, Dick!"

Dick is rubbing down his horse with his hand as well as he can; he does not hear his good-natured companion, who at length shouts:

"I say, Dick, here's a curry-comb for you," and throws it to him.

So much for the origin of the expression "I say" used by the juvenile mendicants of Santander when addressing Englishmen.

Here, as well as at Bilbao, women act as porters, or rather porteresses. In Bilbao I believe they are specially privileged to do porter's work on the quays, and they defend their rights to the uttermost. I have seen them actually fighting with men who have attempted to interfere with them, and I must add that they always conquered, though it could be wished that such laborious occupations were expunged from the catalogue of the "rights of women."

I observed a great number of French shops filled with light fancy articles, and coloured engravings in neat wooden frames stained to imitate mahogany, with lacquered ornaments at the corners; the subjects were generally of a religious nature, such as saints whose histories

or remarkable deeds were printed underneath. There is a considerable trade in these engravings, as the people are fond of decorating the walls of their rooms with them. The proportion of English goods exposed for sale was trifling.

I quitted Santander between nine and ten on a September morning. General Alava, accompanied by his Secretary, started in a carriage at eight; and I should have taken my departure at the same time but for the not very agreeable circumstance of my cloak having been left on board a vessel which had suddenly sailed for England from Bilbao.

With that heedlessness which I am sorry to confess is one among my numerous failings, I had not thought of getting another mantle during my stay at Santander; but besides being cloakless I was servantless, my man having gone on the day before with my baggage at seven o'clock in the morning. The rain was falling in torrents, and I was under engagement to start on horseback at eight on a long journey in company which was not only of the most agreeable kind to me, but also essential as a protection through a part of the country which, though not actually infested by the enemy in military array, was by no means safe for a man to traverse quite alone. I therefore bestirred myself in hopes of being able to purchase one of the oil-skin *capótes* which I had seen worn in bad

weather by some of the Spanish officers, but unsuccessfully. It was now on the stroke of eight. I knew the General's punctuality, and despatched a messenger to him —he lived at some distance from the hotel where I had put up—with three lines to beg him not to wait for me, and to say that I should overtake him on the road. My oil-skin hunt was continued, but without effect. The rain poured, poured, poured. I got wet through in going about to different shops; and at length finding that the General must have got the start of me by an hour and a half, I made a grand resolution at once, and dashed off with no other covering than a blue frock-coat; and as I never wear flannel, I was in perfect light marching order.

I soon cleared the town, and tore along the road at full speed, the rain falling all the while like a sluice. After galloping nearly ten miles I had the happiness of seeing the General's *calèche* ascending a hill at a short distance in front, and on reaching it was greeted by his Excellency, who had been anxious about me, as he was kind enough to say. I explained the reason of my delay, when both he and his Secretary pressed me to take their cloaks; but as I was so thoroughly wet, I declined to avail myself of their kindness, and trotted gaily on by the side of the carriage. I was always, from a boy, duck-like, that is to say, quite indifferent to the effect of a shower-bath; and I was too happy at having joined my amiable travelling com-

panions to mind the trifling inconveniences I had experienced in making my way to them.

The only persons I had met on my solitary ride were three or four of those industrious women called *Pasiégas*, from the circumstance of the people known by the name of *Pasiégas* inhabiting a district of the *montaña* of Santander, called the Valle de Pas. This valley is about five leagues in extent, and is watered by the river Pas. It is extremely fertile, and abounds in rich pasturage. Large quantities of excellent fresh butter are sent thence to all parts of the north of Spain, and even to Madrid; the chief town of the district is Espiñosa de los Montéros. The head of the family of Los Montéros is privileged to keep guard in the ante-chamber of the sovereigns of Spain, from the circumstance of one of its numbers having in former times saved a Spanish King from assassination. The *Pasiégas* carry the butter and other produce of the valley, as well as different articles of domestic merchandise, in long baskets fixed on their shoulders with straps in Swiss-like fashion, and as they travel along with their loads they are bent almost double; when released from their burthens, however, they become perfectly upright. The women are in general fair and comely, and are sent for from Madrid and other distant parts of Spain to act as wet-nurses, on account of their healthy temperament, and good moral conduct.

In due time we arrived at a village called Ontaneda, about twenty miles from Santander. The country is beautiful in that neighbourhood, and the people seemed industrious, evidently only requiring peace and protection to be prosperous and happy. The low carts used by the farmers are of singular construction; when seen looming on the brow of a hill they resemble a huge coffin slowly advancing, for the cart is exactly of that shape, the narrower part being in front. These coffin-looking carts are generally drawn by two small oxen; the wheels are of solid wood, and look like two large Gruyère cheeses rolling round and round.

At Ontaneda I got my clothes dried and my horse well taken care of, and neither steed nor rider I believe felt the worse for the morning's exertions. The rain ceased too, and every thing looked cheering. We lunched at Ontaneda, where are some sulphureous springs. It is a place of resort on that account, and this was the season for drinking the waters. The *parador*, or hotel, is spacious and commodious. We were ushered into a large room with white-washed walls; this was the grand saloon of the *parador*, which also partook of the nature of a boarding-house, and in this saloon were assembled several invalids who had resorted to the place in search of relief from their respective complaints.

Pursuing our journey after this rest, we arrived at

nightfall at a *venta*, and were shown into the only habitable chamber, which was very dirty, and contained three or four common chairs, a table, and a bed; this was appropriated to the Minister's use. Two dark *alcobas* in the same room, opposite to each other, were to be the sleeping apartments for the Secretary and myself. General Alava's majordomo produced a well-supplied canteen; two portable candlesticks were quickly unscrewed and put on the table, duly surmounted by two wax-lights; the tea equipage was brought, boiling water speedily procured, and with the addition of a cold fowl, we made a most excellent tea and supper combined, the repast being rendered still more agreeable by General Alava's kindness and interesting conversation.

Confined in a hovel attached to the venta were two prisoners, who had been brought thither on their way to the jail at Santander. Happening to be present when the sentinel placed over them was about to be relieved, I went with the guard. One of the soldiers carried a lantern. When we entered the hovel, the prisoners, whose arms were tied together, were lying fast asleep on some straw in a corner. At the noise made by our entrance, the two men suddenly awakened, and sat up. Never, however, was there a greater contrast than that between the physical appearance of these twins in crime. One was a tall, dark, broad-chested young man of about

five-and-twenty, the other full forty years old, was short, thin, and with a fox-like physiognomy. He had been a schoolmaster, I found, in a village in the vicinity, but had become a convert to the popular theory that it was for the good of society that men of his profession should be "abroad," and so he had betaken himself to the Queen's highway with his athletic companion. They stared at us for a moment, and then lay down together on the straw and closed their eyes. I understood there was little doubt of their being shot, as they belonged to the class called *Latro-Facciosos*, that is, fellows who, calling themselves *aduanéros*, or Carlist revenue officers, committed depredations on travellers.

The General having received letters which induced him to take post-horses, and proceed to Briviesca, we agreed to meet again at Burgos, to which city a road branches off at a *venta* about a league from Villarcayo.

Having obtained an escort of twenty-five infantry commanded by a Sergeant, I started on the following morning in wet, cold, and gloomy weather; the General's baggage and my own being packed in a large *galéra*, or wagon. We met several travellers, who stated that they had been robbed by two fellows, *Latro-Facciosos*, who under pretext of being Carlist *aduanéros* had posted themselves, armed, at a spot which they described, and levied contributions at the muzzle of the blunderbuss

upon all who passed. The drivers of some *galéras*, of which they were also the owners, declared that they had been plundered in like manner. All this appeared very strange to me.

"What!" said I to one of the wagoners, a stalwart man whose servant was equally robust, there being moreover two or three male passengers in the *galéra*, "what! suffer yourself to be plundered by two miserable footpads! Why didn't you collar them, and deliver them up to justice?"

"Why, Señor, that we might perhaps have done; but, you see, as we travel this road regularly, and these fellows have confederates in the village hard by, we should perhaps on our next journey have been beset and murdered in some solitary spot, so we prefer paying two or three dollars to running that risk."

"A sad state of things this," said I. "Pray where did the rascals assail you?"

"They conceal themselves behind a large block of stone close to the road about half a league farther on, Señor, and armed with blunderbusses pounce upon the unwary traveller."

During this dialogue an empty *galéra* on its return to Burgos had come up with us. These *galéras* are large tilted wagons on two wheels drawn by a team of three or four mules. Passengers of great respectability travel

in them occasionally, and indeed in the one containing General Alava's baggage and my own, there was a gentleman, a near relative of the General, Don Ignacio —, who was on his way to Burgos, whence he intended to proceed by the *diligence* to Madrid. The front and back of the wagons are closed at pleasure by large circular mats, the sides are also protected by thick matting. A thought struck me: what if I could be instrumental to the capture of these *ratéros*, another name given to the lurking robbers who haunt the high-roads of Spain?

I consulted the Sergeant, a fine, spirited young man, and traced out a plan which, he agreed with me, promised success. We immediately carried it into execution. The men were divided between the two *galéras:* the Sergeant with twelve of the most determined got into the empty wagon which took precedence of the other, wherein the remaining soldiers were placed. The *galéras* were closed by the mats, fore and aft.

The Sergeant and his men, armed with loaded muskets, were so placed in front as to be able to leap out at a moment's warning, and the Sergeant could see through a chink between the mat and the side of the wagon whatever might occur on the road before him. All this having been arranged, I gave instructions to the wagoners to move on in the usual way, having previously settled with the Sergeant that I would ride alone and leisurely a little

in advance, and that if, as was naturally to be supposed would be the case, the *ratéros* should advance from their place of concealment to rob me, I should fumble in my pockets as if searching for my purse, and that the Sergeant and his men should, during this delay, leap out from behind the mat, and capture the rogues. The wagoners rubbed their hands with glee at the prospect of the success of this *ruse de guerre*, and the Sergeant's party were equally delighted.

On I went keeping just within ken of the moving ambuscade. It was a dark and misty evening. Although I looked out as sharply as I could, I endeavoured to appear careless and unsuspicious. In about twenty minutes I perceived on the left hand of the road a large block of stone.

"There they are!" said I to myself; and I must own that, as I had advanced unconsciously farther from the *galéras* than I had intended, and as they were concealed from my view by an elbow in the road, I felt rather uncomfortable lest I should be really robbed and perhaps maltreated before my *corps de reserve* could arrive. After a few paces, therefore, I drew forth my flint and steel, and stopping my horse began striking a light for my *cigarro*. Clumsy enough at that sort of manœuvre I always was, sometimes not succeeding after two minutes' hammering; this time, however, the first stroke ignited

the tinder, when having lighted my cigar, there was no further excuse for not moving on. As for looking back that would have rendered me liable to suspicion on the part of the *ratéros*, who, I felt quite sure, were watching me from behind the block of stone. So forward I went, expecting every moment to see two ferocious fellows in brown cloaks, peaked hats, and with gaping blunderbusses levelled at me, emerge from their well-described concealment. As I approached the block of stone I heard the ringing sound of the loose-wheeled *galéras*, and never was the most delicious music so grateful to my ears. In front of the stone I came at last—no *ratéros*. I passed it —no brown cloak, or peaked hat, no blunderbuss! The *galeras* were fast advancing; I entered round the block of stone—there were no *ratéros* behind it! Galloping up to the first wagon, I told the Sergeant and his men to alight swiftly and follow me; they did so with the utmost alacrity. I secured a large field and some ploughed land in the direction of a village which I could just see through the mist, the Sergeant and his men spreading about with great tact like so many sharp-shooters, but all our energy and manœuvres were futile. The fact, no doubt, was, that the *ratéros* had made a good harvest that day, and had retired to their lair in the village as evening approached. We contented ourselves, therefore, with the reflection that we had done our best to capture the robbers.

So long as poor Spain shall be torn by civil strife for the base purpose of political and mercenary adventurers, so long as the thirst for place shall, as it now does, absorb all ranks, so long will there be a total neglect of those means of securing public safety to which the thoughts of all respectable citizens ought to be directed. Every political outbreak throws upon the surface of society thousands of desperate characters who infest it, both as daring robbers on the highway, and unblushing plunderers and intriguers in administrative employments.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gruff Ventéro—Search for a night's lodging—The hospitable Cura—An original ball-dress—The kind *ama*—The ball—Spanish nectar—The Biscayan piper—The *bolêro*—Grotesque dance—Parting kindness—High-road to Burgos—Moorish palace belonging to the Duke de Medina Celi—Courteous cicerone—The Morisco.

At eight in the evening we reached a village of small extent. It was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents. The only *venta* in the place was crammed, as the *ventéro* gruffly declared, as he leaned out of a narrow window. There was stabling for the mules belonging to the *galéras*, he said, but that was all.

What was to be done? Don Ignacio thrust his head out of the *galéra* and cried:

"*Amigo, Don Juan, estámos muy mal—muy mal.* My friend, Don Juan, we are very, very badly off."

"Yes," I replied, "we are, Don Ignacio; and I particularly, for I am wet to the skin."

All at once I bethought me of the *Cura*.

"Where does the *Cura* live?" cried I, addressing the churlish *ventéro*, who still remained at the window, apparently highly enjoying the sight of our embarrassment.

"In the lane to the left."

"What say you, Don Ignacio? Shall we make an appeal to his hospitality, or at all events solicit his influence to get us provided with a night's lodging?"

"Si, Señor," replied Don Ignacio, who alighted, as I did also, giving my horse to my servant.

Splashing, splashing, on we went, and laughing at each other's flounderings we at length arrived at a door, within which we heard sounds of mirth and jollity. We struck it with the palms of our hands, and presently a female voice cried,

"*Quién?*—Who's there?"

"*Gente de paz*—peaceable people," we replied.

"*Que quieren ustedes?*—What do you want?"

"To speak to the *Señor Cura;* be pleased to open the door, Señora."

After a delay of not more than two minutes the door was opened. In the passage was the *Cura* himself, and by his side his *ama* or housekeeper, a handsome young woman, holding a lamp in her hand.

We saluted his Reverence, told him our story, and

asked if he could put us in the way of getting housed for the night.

"Certainly," said the *Cura*, who could not have been more than eight and twenty or thirty years old, "certainly, Señores; here in my poor house, I shall be most happy to receive you. I can accommodate you better than any other person in the village—come in, Señores." Seeing my servant holding my horse, he added, "there is a good stable at the back of the house; Tomas, take a lantern and show the way. Come, Señores, come up stairs; there is to be a ball here to-night. You could not have arrived at a better moment."

So saying he conducted us to an apartment on the first floor, consisting of a sitting-room of moderate dimensions, adjoining which was an airy bed-room with two beds in it. Holding the door of the chamber open, the worthy *Cura* told us it was for us. Our delight may be imagined at the prospect of so comfortable a resting-place after the toils of the day, and after the dreary prospect we had on entering the village.

"But, *Señor Cura*," said I, "we shall be depriving you or some of your household of their bed-room, I fear."

"By no means; my room is on the other side of the house, and this is the visiter's chamber."

Don Ignacio had prudently brought his carpet-bag in his hand from the *galéra*, but my man had not thought of

such a precaution. I was about to send for him, but as the horse required attention I was prevailed upon by Don Ignacio and the *Cura* not to do so; they therefore jointly undertook to supply me with a change whilst my own clothes should be dried before the kitchen-fire. Being in such kind and considerate hands, I readily consented, and prepared to dress for the *Cura's* ball.

Don Ignacio handed me from his carpet-bag a pair of new black trousers made of prunello; the Cura brought me a shirt white as snow, a gray bob-tail jacket with a narrow upright collar, and a pair of shoes. Having first put my whole frame in a glow by rubbing myself with a rough towel which I found in the bed-room, I dressed myself in a few minutes, and entered the ball-room.

A very original costume was this my ball-room dress. Don Ignacio was considerably taller than I, so that his trousers were more than half-a-foot too long for me—I turned them up. I had no stockings, and the *Cura's* shoes were such as parsons' shoes are apt to be all over the world, that is, stout, square-toed, and ample; moreover, they were beautified by a pair of massive silver buckles. The bob-tail jacket, though no doubt it fitted the *Cura's* portly form, hung loosely upon my slender frame; and the sleeves being—like Don Ignacio's trousers—too long for me, I turned them up and displayed my

pure white wristbands, my shirt-collar being adjusted in the most approved Byronic style. The pumps, however, were a most attractive part of my toilet, and showed off my ankles to great advantage, as I perceived by the flattering circumstance of the eyes of all, male and female, being complacently, that is, quizzically directed towards them.

Although my servant had not thought of bringing my portmanteau, he had found time to go for the *alforjas* and the wine-skin, knowing that his own comforts depended on this section of the baggage. Very speedily a tolerable supper was prepared, and brought smoking hot to the table, the kind-hearted *Cura* joining us frankly at our invitation, and adding to the meal various fruits and sweetmeats. We were waited upon by a very good-looking servant girl, whilst the handsome *ama* stood by the *Cura*, attentively waiting upon him, and pointing out with tender interest any tit-bit she thought he would like, or took his fork gently from his hand and conveyed the said delicate morsel to his plate herself. Nor was she less kind to us—his guests. Sweetmeats, olives, almonds and figs, were handed to us in profusion by her hospitable hands; whilst ever and anon she would fill our glasses with wine, not forgetting the *Cura*, however in this particular. I pressed my wine on his Reverence as being, what it really was, good. He admitted this, and cheer-

fully partook of it; but when the repast was over, excepting the *postres* or dessert, he whispered to the *ama*, who smiling significantly went to a closet, and taking down a key from a hook disappeared, returning presently with a large narrow-necked pitcher fit for a crane to drink out of, which she placed on the table.

"Now, Señores," said the *Cura*, "now you shall taste *my* wine."

And pouring out a glass for Don Ignacio, myself, and himself, he pledged us by touching our glasses gently with his own. We quaffed the ruby contents. Ye gods! what luscious wine! its nectarious stream found its way rapidly to the heart, and filled it with the most enlivening sensations.

"Now for the ball," said the *Cura*.

The table was removed to a corner of the room, and presently an old man entered with a slow step, and bowing to the *Cura*, began playing on an ebony pipe ornamented with ivory, which he accompanied by a little drum or tabor. He was followed by the *ama* and three or four peasant girls, one of whom was particularly good-looking, and two men; the ladies had an absolute majority at the *Cura's* ball. The piper struck up a lively air, and the *ama*, selecting for her partner the prettiest girl, began to dance. As they became more and more animated, the *Cura* applauded and encouraged them.

This dance being over, the panting ladies were complimented on their performances, and presented with sweetmeats. The piper was a Biscayan, and seventy summers had passed over his venerable head. Having quaffed a large tumbler of wine, he commenced playing one of his native airs on the *silba*, or pipe, using only one hand, whilst with the other he sounded the accompaniment on the little drum called *tun-tun* (pronounced toon-toon). From these simple instruments he produced truly harmonious sounds; and as he warmed with the recollection of his native Biscayan mountains, his aged eyes glistened with delight.

A sort of *boléro* was now danced by a young man and one of the peasant girls. The *Cura* pointed out to me, with artistic tact, the different movements made by the dancers, clapping his hands in cadence with the *silba* and the *tun-tun*. Whether it was the effect of his own libations or of mine, I will not pretend to say, but somehow the remarks of the gay and hospitable *Cura* became to my ear more and more indistinct every minute. Suddenly, he leaped up from his chair, and cried:

"*Bien! bien, buena moza!* Well done, well done, my pretty lass!" and whisked into his seat again.

The *ama* now made a sign to a man who was leaning against the sill of the door, saying at the same time:

"*Vaya! Bartoloméo*—let us have your dance."

The person thus addressed advanced in a slouching manner. His complexion was nearer to black than brown; whether he was young or old I know not to this hour. He was bent, but did not seem infirm; his eyes were black and piercing, though sunken in their sockets; his upper lip overshot the under one, and at each corner of his indescribable mouth projected a long tooth or tusk. His dress consisted of a loose jacket and trousers of shaggy brown cloth; they seemed to me to be all of one piece, and looked like a bear-skin.

He advanced into the middle of the room, and began by putting himself into a succession of quaint attitudes. By degrees he worked himself up into a highly-excited state, and finally rushing to the front of the table, at the ends of which we were sitting, he dropped on his knees before it, began to grin in the most ghastly manner, the two tusks looking like the teeth of a decayed portcullis. He then began to produce most unearthly sounds by striking his under lip with his knuckles, crouching, grinning and gesticulating with the accompaniment of the old Biscayan's *tun-tun* at intervals. Bartoloméo's performances reminded one of the grotesque dances of the African negroes.

We now begged permission of the gay and hospitable *Cura* to retire, as we wished to continue our journey early in the morning. Making my bow, then, as well as the

capacious shoes would permit, I vanished as folks do from ball-rooms, and hastened to the adjoining chamber. The *silba* and the *tun-tun* again struck up, but in a few minutes my ears were deaf to all sounds. I slept till daylight.

With dry clothes and in good spirits, I paid my respects to the kind-hearted *Cura*, thanked him with sincere warmth for his invaluable hospitality, and took leave of him. We were about to take leave also of the *ama*, when she begged we would wait five minutes, before the expiration of which she brought each of us a small cup, called a *Xicara*, of rich, thick, hot chocolate, and some thin slices of bread half toasted. Afterwards, glasses of delicious water were brought, of which I, though not habitually a water-drinker, took a moderate draught, and found it very consoling to the stomach.

The high-road to Burgos is for the greater part of the way excellent, and bordered at intervals by young trees. The villages, however, through which we passed, were miserable enough. I was induced to turn off a little from the road to visit the ruins of a Moorish palace at a hamlet called Palacios, belonging to the Duke de Medina Celi. Some half dozen peasants were assembled on a green-sward sloping from the ruins; they answered my questions in a most obliging manner, and sent for an individual who had the key of the gate belonging to a portion of the

palace which had withstood the ravages of time. He quickly appeared, and struck me at once as being probably of Moorish extraction. His features were strongly marked, and his chin was covered by a bushy black beard. Though shabbily dressed, his movements were so naturally elegant that I felt I was in the company of a man of gentle blood. He saluted me courteously, and we advanced through the gate into a court-yard of large dimensions, surrounded by very thick walls, as was evinced by the depth of the window-recesses of the apartments, which were in a ruinous state.

The remains of a banqueting-hall interested me highly. At one end of it is an orchestra, the front of which is of fine plaster, or stucco, highly ornamented, and looking as white and fresh as though only recently erected. Lying on the floor, which is formed of plaster, or cement, was a gun-barrel about twelve feet long, and five inches in the bore; it had probably belonged to a culverin, or other ancient piece of ordnance formerly pointed from the narrow embrasures on the battlements of castles; there were some Arabic characters imprinted on the upper part of this curious gun-barrel. To the inquiries of my *cicerone* respecting this relic, he answered that it had been lying there ever since he could recollect.

"*Es de los tiempos de los Moros, Señor*—it belongs to

the period of the Moors, Señor," said he, and his penetrating black eyes brightened up.

"Are there any records or writings in the village relative to the Castle?"

"*Ningunos*—none, Señor," and raising his eyebrows and folding his arms across his chest, he appeared the very type of the Morisco race—those descendants of the Moors who embraced Christianity rather than quit Spain when their Mahometan brethren were expelled from the country more than three hundred years ago.

There is a deep well of limpid water in the centre of the court-yard.

I wished to make some acknowledgment to my guide, but felt a delicacy in offering him money; I therefore presented him with half-a-dozen Havana cigars, which he accepted with a graceful manner, saying:

"*Mil gracias, Caballero,*" and then as I was in the act of mounting my horse, he insisted on holding the stirrup for me. After distributing a few copper coins among the village children who had crowded round me, and shaking hands with my obliging Morisco, I cantered off well pleased with my little visit to the Palacios.

CHAPTER IX.

Burgos—Augustine Monastery—Dominican convent—Cathedral of Burgos—St. Jago's courser—El Cofre del Cid—Chronicle of the Cid—The Jew—Tomb of the Cid—The monument—Citadel of Burgos—Arrival at Madrid—La Fontana de Oro.

Burgos is a highly interesting old city, and the most thoroughly Spanish-looking place I had hitherto seen. The streets are for the most part dark and narrow, although there are one or two which are handsome, especially that running along the bank of the river Arlanzon which separates the city from a suberb called La Bega. There are three bridges over the Arlanzon. This suburb is very populous, and was the site of very many convents, as it still is of several hospitals and other charitable establishments; it is embellished by an agreeable promenade, bordered by gardens, and refreshed by fountains and running waters.

Burgos is surrounded by an old wall, and entered by several gates built with good taste. That of Santa-Maria

opens upon a bridge over the Arlanzon, which communicates with the suburb of Santa-Maria. This gate, in the form of a triumphal arch, is very handsome, and is a monument erected to commemorate the glory of Fernando Gonzalez, first Count of Castille, and founder of the Castilian monarchy. Six niches in this triumphal gate are occupied by statues, the most remarkable being those of Fernando Gonzalez and the Cid.

A chapel of the Augustine monastery, in the suburb of Santa-Maria, contained the miraculous crucifix, and there are a number of stories current among the people of its marvellous efficacy. The chapel is small, and not by any means remarkable in point of architecture. It was hung, however, with cloth of gold, which was so blackened by smoke from the lamps, that it would have been difficult to recognise the precious texture. This hanging, too, was laden with a great number of *ex-votos*, or offerings of great value, some of them enriched by a profusion of precious stones sent by sovereign princes and persons of high rank. The front of the altar, the balustrade, and the steps leading thereto were of silver, as were the candlesticks placed on the same, and eight and forty large and massive lamps which were suspended from the roof of the chapel. The miraculous crucifix, which is of the natural size, was fixed over the altar, and covered from the loins to the feet by a petticoat of the finest linen fringed with

costly lace. It was concealed behind three separate curtains of rich silk embroidered with pearls and precious stones. These curtains were not drawn aside, excepting on particular festivals or important occasions, or at the request of personages of distinguished rank. This was done with great solemnity; each curtain being drawn aside separately and very slowly, until the miraculous crucifix became mysteriously displayed to the gaze of the devotees.

After visiting the chapel, where the miraculous crucifix was enshrined, I wandered into the church belonging to a Dominican convent. Just as I entered, about twenty young men habited as monks in white serge vestments, their heads being shaded by cowls, entered the church by a side-door and proceeded to the choir. A service instantly commenced consisting of monotonous chanting. It was of short duration: the novices then rushed out of the choir, each making hurried obeisance to the high altar, and vanished, three or four elderly monks followed with measured steps, and with the "longing, lingering look" of those who are on the eve of separation from the objects of their most cherished affections. It was clear that conventual discipline was rapidly on the wane; the youngsters bustled about under their vestments just like clowns who are shuffling off their solemn coil on the verge of that stage where they are about to play all manners of antics.

And so it turned out; for a very few months afterwards, the monasteries were abolished, without beat of drum, throughout Spain.

The principal *plaza* of Burgos is extensive and surrounded by arcades, under which, and also in the centre of the square, were to be perceived groups of men in brown cloaks and low broad-brimmed hats, conversing with Castilian calmness. From time to time they would move on, and then suddenly stop, out of deference, apparently, to one of the party who had halted to propound some grave and weighty question. The women were all habited in black, and wore the mantilla.

The cathedral is a fine Gothic edifice. The exterior is elaborately ornamented with statues, columns, and sculpture of various descriptions, generally well executed. It was commenced in the thirteenth century, and is approached by thirty-eight steps. There is a tower of great beauty, and four spires called Las Agujas, or the needles, from their pointed shape, are justly considered to be master-pieces of art. I ascended the tower at its summit; jutting out from it, is an equestrian statue of St. Jago, the Patron of Spain. In the warlike Saint's right hand is a large drawn sword made of iron, and the wind being very high it shook and rattled in a threatening manner over the city. The guide told me that a lady who had visited the tower not long before had seated herself on the

horse behind St. Jago; and the funny little man looked significantly at me as much as to say: "Would you, Señor Yngles, like to mount St. Jago's courser?" But although I have done a variety of foolish things in my time,—one of the most foolish being perhaps the audacity of attempting to write a book—I did not take the hint, acknowledging that in this, as in many other instances, female courage surpassed that of those who make it their boast that they are the lords of the creation.

The interior of the cathedral is beautiful, and is so extensive that mass may be performed in eight lateral chapels at one and the same time without confusion or interruption to the respective congregations. The choir is rich in carved and inlaid wood-work in the highest state of preservation; it is enclosed at the end facing the grand altar by a *reja*, or wrought iron gate of very superior workmanship; it was formerly gilt, but the gilding has worn off during the lapse of ages. Adjoining the cathedral is a cloister of great beauty, with several statues of prophets and saints, and some marble tombs well and tastefully executed. By the side of the high altar, which is magnificent, hangs the Standard of the Cross, which, according to tradition, has witnessed the destruction of more than two hundred thousand Saracens.

There are several good pictures in the various chapels, and in the sacristy are to be seen a very fine painting of

the Magdalen, said to be by Raphael, and portraits of the bishops of Burgos.

The sacristy also contains a relic which I contemplated with great interest, inasmuch as it was something tangible with reference to a romantic portion of Spanish history on which my youthful fancy had loved to dwell.

Upon iron brackets projecting from the wall, and close to the lofty roof of the sacristy rests a capacious old chest strengthened by iron clamps, and fastened by three curious old locks. This is called *El Cofre del Cid*, or the Cid's coffer. The tradition respecting it is as follows. It is extracted from the late Dr. Southey's highly interesting work, now very scarce entitled, "Chronicles of the Cid," in which he embodied translations of *La Cronica del Famoso Cavallero Cid, Ruy Diez Campeador; Los cuatro partes enteras de la Cronica de España; La poéma del Cid; and Los Romances del Cid.*

Although the renowned Don Rodrigo (or Ruy) Diez de Bivar, surnamed *El Cid Campeador*,* had rendered the

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*The origin of the title El Cid Campeador is as follows:

Some messengers sent by five Moorish kings, to whom Ruy Diez de Bivar had behaved most generously, after capturing them, having arrived with the tribute they voluntarily paid as his vassals, called him Cid, which signifies Lord. The King of Castille was present at this interview, and he commanded that, from that day he should have

most important services to Alfonso, the young king of Castille, "There were many," says the old Chronicle, "who wished ill to him, and sought to set the king against him, accusing him wrongfully of having acted treacherously during the King's absence in Andalusia. Alfonso believed what they said, and was wrath against the Cid, having no love towards him on account of the oath which he had pressed upon him at Burgos, concerning the death of King Don Sancho, his brother. He went with all speed, accordingly, to Burgos, and sent thence to bid the Cid come to him.

"The Cid made answer that he would meet the King between Burgos and Bivar, where his castle was situated; and when the King came nigh unto Bivar the Cid came up to him and would have kissed his hand, but the King withheld it, and said angrily to him 'Ruy Diez, quit my land.' Then the Cid put spurs to the mule upon which he rode, and vaulted into a piece of ground which was his own inheritance, and answered, 'Sir I am not in your

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the title of El Cid, as he had been called by the Moors—his vassals. The name of Campeador afterwards added to that of El Cid, is supposed to have been given to him on account of his brilliant military exploits; the word signifies in the Spanish language a warrior who has excelled on the field of battle, and moreover one who is graceful and noble-minded.

land, but in my own;' and the King replied full wrathfully, 'Go out of my kingdoms without any delay.' And the Cid made answer, 'Give me then thirty days' time as is the right of a Hidalgo;' and the King said he would not, but that if he were not gone in nine days' time he would come and look for him. The whole of his property both territorial and personal, was also confiscated. The Counts, his enemies, were well pleased at this, but all the people were sorrowful, and then the King and the Cid parted.

"And the Cid sent for all his friends, and his kinsmen, and vassals, and told them how the King had banished him, and asked of them who would follow him into banishment, and who would remain at home. Then Alvar Fañez, who was his cousin-german, said 'Cid, we will all go with you through desert and though peopled country, and never fail you. In your service will we spend our mules and horses, our wealth and our garments, and ever while we live we will be with you loyal friends and vassals.' And they all confirmed what Alvar Fañez had said, and the Cid thanked them for their love, and said that there might come a time in which he should guerdon them.

"And as he was about to depart, he looked back upon his own home at Bivar; and when he saw his hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon their

perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'My enemies have done this. God be praised for all things.'

"King Don Alfonso in his anger had sent letters to Burgos saying, that no man should give the Cid a lodging; and that whosoever disobeyed should lose all he had, and moreover the eyes in his head. Great sorrow had these Christian folk at this, and they hid themselves when he came near to them, because they did not dare speak to him; and when he came to the door he found it fastened for fear of the King. And his people called out with a loud voice, but they within made no answer. And when the Cid knew what the King had done, he turned away from the door and rode up to St. Mary's and there he alighted, and knelt down and prayed with all his heart, and then he mounted again and rode out of the town, and pitched his tent near Arlanzon upon the *Glera*, that is to say upon the sands. El Cid Ruy Diez, he who in a happy hour first girt on his sword, took up his lodging upon the sands, because there was none who would receive him within their door. He had a good company round about him, and there he lodged as if he had been among the mountains.

"But Martin Antolinez who was a good Burgolese, he supplied El Cid and all his company with bread and wine abundantly. 'Campeador,' said he to the Cid, 'to-night we will rest here and to-morrow we will be gone. I shall

be accused for what I have done in serving you, and shall be in the King's displeasure; but following your fortunes sooner or later the King will have me for his friend, and if not, I do not care a fig for what I leave behind.' Now this Martin Antolinez was nephew unto the Cid, and the Cid said unto him, 'Martin Antolinez, you are a bold Lancier; if I live I will double you your pay. You see I have nothing with me, and yet must provide for my companions. I will take two chests and fill them with sand, and do you go in secret to Rachel and Vidas, and tell them to come hither privately, for I cannot take my treasures with me because of their weight, and will pledge them in their hands. Let them come for the chests at night, that no man may see them. God knows that I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I will redeem all.'"

This was certainly a blemish in the fair fame of the Cid, the only one recorded.

"Now Rachel and Vidas were rich Jews from whom the Cid used to receive money for his spoils. And Martin Antolinez went in quest of them, and he passed through Burgos and entered into the Castle; and when he saw them he said, 'Ah, Rachel and Vidas, my dear friends, now let me speak with ye in secret.' And they three went apart. And he said to them, 'Give me your hands, that you will not discover me neither to Moor nor Chris-

tian! I will make you rich men for ever. The Campeador went for the tribute, and he took great wealth, and some of it he has kept for himself. He has two chests full of gold. Ye know that the King is in anger against him, and he cannot carry these away with him without their being seen. He will leave them therefore in your hands; and you shall lend him money upon them, swearing with great oaths, and upon your faith, that ye will not open them till a year be past.' Rachel and Vidas took counsel together, and answered, 'We well knew he got something when he entered the land of the Moors. He who has treasures does not sleep without suspicion. We will take the chests, and place them where they shall not be seen. But tell us with what will the Cid be contented, and what gain will he give us for the year?'

"Martin Antolinez answered like a prudent man: 'El Cid requires what is reasonable: he will ask but little to have his treasures in safety. Men come to him from all parts. He must have six hundred marks.' And the Jews said, 'We will advance him so much.' 'Well then,' said Martin Antolinez, 'ye see that the night is advancing —the Cid is in haste; give us the marks.' 'This is not the way of business,' said they; 'we must take first, and then give.' 'Ye say well,' replied the Burgolese; 'come then to the Campeador, and we will help you to bring away the chests, so that neither Moors nor Christians may

see us.' So they went to horse, and rode out together; and they did not cross the bridge, but rode through the water that no man might see them; and they came to the tent of the Cid.

"Meantime the Cid had taken two chests, which were covered with leather* of red and gold, and the nails which fastened down the leather were well gilt; they were ribbed with bands of iron, and each fastened with three locks; they were heavy, and he filled them with sand. And when Rachel and Vidas entered his tent with Martin Antolinez, they kissed his hand, and the Cid smiled and said to them. 'Ye see that I am going out of the land because of the King's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye.' And they made answer, 'Martin Antolinez has covenanted with us that we shall give you six hundred marks upon these chests, and keep them a full year, swearing not to open them till that time be expired, else shall we be perjured.' 'Take the chests,' said Martin Antolinez; 'I will go with you and bring back the marks, for the Cid must march before cock-crow.'

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* *Guadamacil*:—gilt leather, so called because it was first manufactured near the river Guadameci in Andalusia. Hangings made of this leather-tapestry were formerly used in Spain.

"So they took the chests, and though they were both strong men they could not raise them from the ground; and they were full glad of the bargain they had made. And Rachel then went to the Cid, and kissed his hand and said: 'Now, Campeador, you are going from Castille among strange nations, and your gains will be great, even as your fortune is. I kiss your hand, Cid, and have a gift for you—a red skin: it is Moorish and honourable.' And the Cid said, 'It pleases me; give it me if you have brought it, if not reckon it upon the chests.'

"And they departed with the chests; and Martin Antolinez and his people helped them, and went with them. And when they had placed the chests in safety, they spread a carpet in the middle of the hall, and laid a sheet upon it; and they threw down upon it three hundred marks of silver. Don Martin counted them, and took them without weighing. The other three hundred they paid in gold. Don Martin had five squires with him, and he loaded them all with the money. And when this was done, he said to them, 'Now, Don Rachel and Vidas, you have got the chests, and I who got them for you well deserve a pair of hose.' And the Jews said to each other, 'Let us give him a good gift for this which he has done;' and they said to him, 'we will give you enough for a hose, and for a rich doublet, and a good cloak:—you shall have thirty marks.' Don Martin thanked them, and

took the marks; and bidding them both farewell, he departed right joyfully.

"When Martin Antolinez came into the Cid's tent, he said unto him, 'I have sped well, Campeador!—you have gained six hundred marks, and I thirty. Now then, strike your tent, and be gone. The time draws on, and you may be with your lady wife, at St. Pedro de Cardeña, before the cock crows.' So the tent was struck, and El Cid and his company went to horse at this early hour."

Leaving his wife, Ximena, and his two daaghters to the care of the Abbot of San Pedro de Cardeña, near Burgos, the Cid went forth with ardour against the Moors, and gained great renown, taking two Moorish fortresses in the course of three weeks.

"Then the Cid called unto Alvar Fañez, and said:—

"'Cousin, I will send King Don Alfonso a present from my part of the spoils. You shall go into Castille, and take with you thirty horses, the best which were taken from the Moors all bridled and saddled, and each having a sword hanging from the saddle-bow, and you shall give them to the King, and kiss his hand for me, and tell him that we know how to make our way among the Moors. And you shall take also this bag of gold, and purchase for me a thousand masses in St. Mary's at Burgos, and hang up there these banners of the Moorish Kings whom we have overcome.'

"Alvar Fañez found the King in Valladolid, and he presented to him the thirty horses will all their trappings, and swords mounted with silver, hanging from the saddle-bows. And when the King saw them, he said unto him, 'Who sends me this goodly present?' and Alvar Fañez, or Minaya, answered, 'El Cid, Ruy Diez, the Campeador, sends it and kisses by me your hands; for, since you were wrath against him, and banished him from the land, he being a man disinherited hath helped himself with his own hands, and hath won from the Moors the Castle of Aleocer; and of his fifth of the horses which were taken that day, El Cid sends you these as to his natural Lord, whose favour he desireth. I beseech ye, as God shall help you, show favour unto him.' Then King Don Alfonso answered, 'This is betimes in the morning for a banished man to ask favour of his Lord, nor is it befitting a King;—for no Lord ought to be wrath for so short a time. Nevertheless, because the horses were won from the Moors, I will take them, and rejoice that El Cid hath sped so well: and I pardon you, Minaya. Of the Cid Campeador, I shall say nothing now; save only, that all who choose to follow him may freely go, and their bodies, and goods, and heritages are safe.' Then Minaya kissed the King's hand, and said, 'Sir, you have done this now, and you will do the rest hereafter.'

"The Cid was afterwards entirely restored to the

King's favour: having first, however, demanded that in time to come when any Hidalgo should be banished, he should have thirty days allowed him, and not nine only, as had been his case; and that neither Hidalgo nor citizen should be proceeded against until they had been fairly and lawfully heard:—to all this the King accorded.

"The Cid afterwards took the city of Valencia from the Moors, and behaved nobly to the Moorish inhabitants, so that they thanked the Cid greatly for the honour which the Christians did them, saying, they had never seen so good a man, nor one so honourable, nor one who had his people under such obedience.

"Now the Cid bethought him of Doña Ximena his wife, and of his daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, whom he had left in the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña; and he called for Alvar Fañez, and Martin Antolinez of Burgos, and spake with them that they would go to Castille, to King Alfonso his lord, and take him a present from the riches which God had given him, and the present should be a hundred horses saddled and bridled; and that they should kiss the King's hand for him, and beseech him to send him his wife, Doña Ximena, and his daughters, and then they would tell the King all the mercy which God had shown him, and how he was at his service with Valencia, and with all that he had. Moreover, he bade them take a thousand marks of silver

to the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, and give them to the abbot, and thirty marks of gold for his wife and daughters, that they might prepare themselves and come in honourable guise. And he ordered three hundred marks of gold to be given them, and three hundred marks of silver to redeem the chests full of sand which he had pledged in Burgos to the Jews; and he bade them ask Rachel and Vidas to forgive him the deceit of the sand, for he had done it because of his great need, and he said: 'You, Martin Antolinez, were aiding and abetting herein, but praised be the name of the Lord for ever, he hath let me quit myself truly: tell them that they shall more profit than they asked.' And he bade them each take with him his whole company, that they might be better advised and accompanied, so that Doña Ximena might come with great honour; and the company was this: two hundred knights who were of Don Alvar Fañez, and fifty of Martin Antolinez, and he ordered money to be given them for their disbursement, and for all things needful in abundance."

The Chronicle proceeds to say, that "they found King Alfonso in the city of Valencia, and that when he had heard the message, and that Valencia was taken and held for his Majesty by the Cid, he exclaimed: 'As Saint Isidro shall keep me, I rejoice in the good fortune of the Cid, and receive his gift full willingly;' adding, 'I grant

him Valencia, and all that he hath won, and shall win hereafter, that he be called Lord thereof, and that he hold it of no other Lordship save of me, who am his liege Lord.'

"When they reached Burgos, they sent for Rachel and for Vidas, and demanded from them the chests, and paid unto them the three hundred marks of gold and the three hundred of silver, as the Cid had commanded; and they besought them to forgive the Cid the deceit of the chests, for it was done because of his great necessity. And they said they heartily forgave him, and held themselves well paid; and they prayed God to grant him long life and good health, and to give him power to advance Christendom, and put down Pagandom. And when it was known through the city of Burgos the goodness and gentleness which the Cid had shown to these merchants in redeeming from them the chests full of sand, and earth, and stones, the people held it for a great wonder, and there was not a place in all Burgos where they did not talk of the gentleness and loyalty of the Cid; and they besought blessings upon him, and prayed that he and his people might be advanced in honour.

"The Cid's wife, Doña Ximena, and his two daughters, arrived at Valencia with a magnificent train of followers; they were received with great affection by the Cid, and with universal joy. Three months afterwards, tidings

came to the Cid from beyond sea, that King Yucef, the son of Miramamolin, who dwelt in Morocco, was coming to lay seige to Valencia with fifty thousand men. The Cid attacked and routed them under the walls of Valencia, and the spoil was so great that there was no end to the riches in gold, and silver, and in horses and arms, so that men knew not what to leave and what to take. And he won in this battle, from King Yucef, his good sword Tizona, which is to say, the fire-brand.

"King Yucef, after the pursuit was given over, fled to Denia, and embarked in his ships, and returned to Morocco, where he fell sick and died. But before he died, he besought his brother, who was called Bucar, that he would take vengeance for the dishonour which he had received from the Cid Campeador before Valencia; and Bucar promised to do this, and swore also upon the Koran. And accordingly he came three years afterwards across the sea with nine-and-twenty Kings. He encamped at the Campo del Quarto, a league from Valencia, and the history saith that there were full five thousand pavilions, besides common tents. But the Cid again defeated the infidels in a pitched battle, and his people smote the Moors so sorely, that they could no longer stand against them, and it pleased God and the good fortune of the Cid, that they turned their backs, and the Christians followed, hewing them down, and smiting and slaying. Seven full miles

did the pursuit continue. And while they were thus following their flight, the Cid set eyes upon King Bucar, and made at him to strike him with the sword. 'Turn this way, Bucar,' cried the Campeador, 'you, who came beyond sea to see the Cid with the long (or fleecy) beard. We must greet each other, and cut out a friendship!' 'God confound such friendship,' cried King Bucar; and he turned his bridle, and began to fly towards the sea, and the Cid after him. But King Bucar had a good horse, and a fresh, and the Cid went spurring Bavieca, who had had hard work that day, and he came near his back; and when they were nigh unto the ships, and the Cid saw that he could not reach him, he darted his sword at him, and struck him between the shoulders, and King Bucar being badly wounded rode into the sea, and got to a boat, and the Cid alighted and picked up his sword."

The Chronicle states that the affrighted Moors ran into the sea, so that twice as many died in the water as in the battle; nevertheless, the slain in the field were thought to be seventeen thousand persons and upward; and so many were they who were taken prisoners, that it was a wonder, and of the twenty-and-nine Kings who came with King Bucar seventeen were slain.

"And after his return from the pursuit of his share of the spoil, which consisted of six hundred horses, besides sumpter beasts and camels, and of the other things which

were taken, no man can give account, nor of the treasure which the Cid won that day in the Campo del Quarto. 'God be praised!' said the Campeador, 'once I was poor, but now am rich in lands and possessions, and in gold, and in honour. And Moors and Christians both fear me. Even in Morocco, among their mosques, do they fear lest I should set upon them some night.'

"For five years the Cid remained Lord of Valencia, and the Moors and Christians dwelt together in such accord, that it seemed as if they had always been united; and they all loved the Cid with such good will, that it was marvellous. But at the end of these five years, King Bucar, the Miramamolin of Morocco, feeling disgraced by the victory gained over him in the field of Quarto, near Valencia, had gone himself and stirred up the whole kingdom of Barbary, even as far as Montes Claros, to cross the sea again and avenge himself if he could; and had assembled so great a power that no man could devise their numbers. When the Cid saw this, he was troubled at heart; howbeit, he dissembled this. He ordered all the Moors to quit the city with their families, and go to the suburb of Alcudia, to dwell with the other Moors, till, as he said, 'we shall see the end of this business between me and King Bucar.'

"And it came to pass in the middle of the night, when the Cid was in his bed devising how he might withstand

the coming of King Bucar, and when it was midnight, there came a great light into the palace, and a great odour marvellous sweet. And as he was marvelling what it might be, there appeared before him a man white as snow; he was in the likeness of an old man, with gray hair and crisp; and he carried certain keys in his hand, and before the Cid could speak to him, he said: 'I am St. Peter, the Prince of Apostles, who come unto thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar: and it is that thou art to leave this world, and go to that which hath no end, and this will be in thirty days. But God will show favour unto thee, so that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar, and thou, being dead, shalt win this battle for the honour of thy body; this will be by the help of Santiago, whom God will send to the business; but do thou strive to make atonement for thy sins, and so thou shalt be saved. All this Jesus Christ vouchsafeth thee for the love of me, and for the reverence which thou hast alway shown to my Church in the Monastery of Cardeña.' When the Cid heard this he had great pleasure at heart, and he let himself fall out of bed upon the earth that he might kiss the feet of St. Peter; but the Apostle said: 'Strive not to do this, for thou canst not touch me; but be sure that all this which I have told thee will come to pass.' And when the blessed Apostle had said this he disappeared, and the

palace remained full of a sweeter and more delightful odour than heart of man can conceive. And the Cid Ruy Diez remained greatly comforted by what St. Peter had said to him, and as certain that this would come to pass as if it were already over.

"Early in the morning he sent to call all his honourable men to the Alcazar, or palace, and weeping the while, he informed them of the vision he had had, and that when those thirty days were over he should pass away from this world; but that they should conquer King Bucar in the field, and win great praise and honour from him. 'And,' said he, 'Doña Ximena, and ye, and all that ye have, shall go hence in safety.'

"After the Cid had said this, he sickened of the malady of which he died; and the day before his weakness waxed great, he went to the Church of St. Peter, and placed himself at the feet of the Bishop, and there before all the people made a general confession of all his sins. And the Bishop appointed him his penance, and absolved him of his sins. Then he arose, and took leave of the people, weeping plenteously, and returned to the Alcazar, and betook himself to his bed, and never rose from it again. And every day he waxed weaker and weaker, till seven days only remained of the time appointed. Then he called for the caskets of gold in which were the balsam and the myrrh which the Soldan of Persia had

sent him; and when these were put before him, he bade them bring him the golden cup of which he was wont to drink; and he took of that balsam, and of that myrrh, as much as a little spoonful, and mingled it in the cup with rose-water, and drank of it; and for the seven days which he lived, he neither ate nor drank aught else than a little of that myrrh and balsam mingled with water. And every day after he did this, his body and his countenance appeared fairer and fresher than before, and his voice clearer; though he waxed weaker and weaker daily, so that he could not move in his bed.

"On the twenty-ninth day, being the day before he departed, he called for Doña Ximena, and for Bishop Hieronymo, and Don Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and his trusty Gil Diaz, and he began to direct them what they should do after his death, saying:

"'Now, therefore, the first thing which ye do after I have departed, wash my body with rose-water many times, and well; as, blessed be the name of God, it is washed within, and made pure of all uncleanness to receive his holy body to-morrow, which will be my last day. And when it has been well washed and made clean, ye shall dry it well, and anoint it with this myrrh and balsam from these golden caskets from head to foot. And when the day shall come in which King Bucar arrives, order all the people of Valencia to go upon the walls, and

sound your trumpets and tambours, and make the greatest rejoicings ye can. And when ye would set out for Castille, let all the people know in secret, that they make themselves ready, and take with them all that they have, so that none of the Moors in the suburb may know thereof; for certes ye cannot keep the city, neither abide therein after my death. And see ye that the sumpter-beasts be laden with all that there is in Valencia, so that nothing which can profit may be left: and this I leave specially to your charge, Gil Diaz. Then saddle ye my horse, Bavieca, and arm him well; and ye shall apparel my body full seemlily, and place me upon the horse, and fasten and tie me thereon, so that it cannot fall; and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand. And let the Bishop Don Hieronymo go on one side of me, and my trusty Gil Diaz on the other; and he shall lead my horse. You, Pero Bermudez, shall bear my banner, as you were wont to bear it; and you, Alvar Fañez, my cousin, gather your company together, and put the host in order as you are wont to do. And go ye forth and fight with King Bucar; for be ye certain and doubt not, that ye shall win this battle: God hath granted me this. And when ye have won the fight, and the Moors are discomfited, ye may spoil the field at pleasure. Ye will find great riches. What ye are afterwards to do I will tell ye to-morrow, when I make my testament.'

"The next day early he made his will, whereby his body was to be buried in the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña. He left legacies to his knights, and his household; clothing was to be given to four thousand poor on arriving at St. Pedro de Cardeña. He bequeathed to his wife, Doña Ximena, 'all that he had in the world;' and commanded Gil Diaz to remain with her, and serve her well all the days of her life. He then took the Holy Sacrament devoutly from the hands of the Bishop; and having sat up in his bed, and called upon God and St. Peter, and prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, 'Thine is the power, and the kingdom; and Thou art above all Kings, and all nations, and all Kings are at thy command;' and after praying that his sins might be pardoned, this noble VARON yielded up his soul to God on that Sunday, being the twenty-and-ninth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety-nine, and in the seventy-and-third year of his life.

All was done as he had directed; and three days after his death King Bucar came into the port of Valencia, and landed with all his power, "which was so great," says the Chronicle, "that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors whom he brought. And on the morrow they began to attack the city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to

the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well; and every time they went upon the walls, they sounded trumpets and tambours, and made great rejoicings as the Cid had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid dared not come out against them.

"All this while the company of the Cid were preparing to go into Castille; and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labour at this. And the body of the Cid was prepared after this manner:—first it was embalmed and anointed as the history hath already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such, that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural colour; and his countenance remained as it was wont to be, and the eyes were open, and his long beard was in order, so that there was not a man who would have thought him dead, if he had seen him and not known it. And on the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body on a right noble saddle, and this saddle, with the body upon it, he put upon a frame, and he dressed the body in a *gambax** of fine sendal next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast, and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out

* Supposed to be a kind of shirt. *Sendal*, or *cendal*: a silk of very delicate texture.

and fitted, that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the pole, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move: all this took twelve days. When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it on his horse, Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well, and the body sate so upright and well, that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but they were grieves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment which was cunningly painted, that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm and fastened it up so subtilly, that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword.

"The Bishop went on one side, and Gil Diaz on the other; and at midnight they went out of the gate of Roséras which is towards Castille. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights, all well appointed; then came all the baggage; then the body of the Cid, with one hundred knights, all chosen men; and behind them Doña Ximena with all

her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.

"Now Alvar Fañez had set the host in order, and while the Bishop and Gil Diaz led away the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, he fell upon the Moors. First he attacked the tents of the Moorish Queen, the negress, who lay nearest the city; and this onset was so sudden, that they killed full a hundred and fifty Moors before they had time to take arms, or go to horse. But that Moorish negress was so skilful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held for a marvel; and it is said that they called her in Arabic *Nugueymat Turya*, which is to say the star of archers. And she was the first that got on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her, did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but in fine they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great were the uproar and confusion, that they turned their backs, and fled towards the sea. And when King Bucar and his Kings saw this, they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them, on the part of the Christians, full seventy thousand knights all white as snow; and before them a knight of great stature, upon a white horse, with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed

to be of fire; and he made a great mortality among the Moors who were flying. And King Bucar and the other Kings were so greatly dismayed, that they never checked the reins till they had ridden into the sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, smiting and slaying, and giving them no respite; and so great was the press among them to get to the ships, that more than ten thousand died in the water; and of the six and thirty Kings twenty-two were slain. And King Bucar, and they who escaped with him, hoisted sails, and went their way and never more turned their heads.

"And so great was the spoil of that day, that there was no end to it; so that the poorest man among the Christians, horseman or on foot, became rich with what he had won that day. And when they all met together, they took the road towards Castille; and they halted that night in a village called Seite Aquas, that is to say the Seven Waters, which is nine leagues from Valencia.

"And from that day Valencia remained in the power of the Moors, till it was won by King Don Jayme of Aragon; but though Don Jayme won it, it is always called *Valencia del Cid.*

"The company of the Cid pursued their way by short journeys. And the Cid went alway upon his horse Bavieca, as they had brought him out from Valencia, save only that he wore no arms, but was clad in right noble

garments; and whenever they halted they took the body off, fastened to the saddle as it was, and set it upon that frame which Gil Diaz had made; and when they went forward again they placed it, in like manner, upon the horse Bavieca.

"And when they came to Osma, Alvar Fañez asked of Doña Ximena if they should put the body of the Cid into a coffin covered with purple and with nails of gold; but she would not, for she said that while his countenance remained so fresh and comely, and his eyes so fair, his body should never be placed in a coffin, and that her children should see the face of their father.

"As they moved on towards San Pedro de Cardeña, people came from La Rioja and all parts of Castille to meet the body of the Cid; and when they saw him mounted on Bavieca, they could hardly be persuaded that he was dead. King Alfonso was at that time at Toledo, whence he departed instantly, taking long journeys till he came to San Pedro de Cardeña to do honour to the Cid at his funeral.

"When they had all got to the Monastery, they took the Cid from off his horse, and set the body on the frame and placed it before the altar. Many were the honours King Alfonso did to the Cid in masses and vigils.

"His body was not interred, the King having heard what Doña Ximena had said. And he sent for the ivory

chair which had been carried to the Cortes at Toledo, and gave orders that it should be placed on the right of the altar of St. Peter; and he laid a cloth of gold upon it, and upon that placed a cushion, covered with a right noble *tartari;* and he ordered a graven tabernacle to be made over the chair, richly wrought with azure and gold, having thereon the blazonry of the Kings of Castille and Leon, and the King of Navarre, and of the Cid, Ruy Diez, the Campeador.

"And he himself, and the King of Navarre, and the Infante of Aragon, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, to do honour to the Cid, helped to take the body from between the two boards in which it had been fastened at Valencia. And when they had taken it out, the body was so firm that it bent not on either side; and the flesh was so firm and comely, that it seemed as if he were yet alive. And they clad the body in a full noble *tartari*, and in cloth of purple which the Soldan of Persia had sent him; and put him on hose of the same, and set him in his ivory chair; and in his left hand they placed his sword Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And in this fashion the body of the Cid remained there ten years or more; and when his garments waxed old, other good ones were put on. And Doña Ximena and her companions abode in San Pedro de Cardeña, and Gil Diaz with her as the Cid had commanded in his testament.

And Gil Diaz took great delight in tending the horse Bavieca; and from that day in which the dead body of the Cid was taken off his back, never man was suffered to bestride that horse; but he was always led when they took him to water, and when they brought him back; and this good horse lived two years and a half after the death of his master, the Cid; and Gil Diaz buried him before the gate of the Monastery in the public place, and he planted two elms upon the grave, the one at his head, and the other at his feet. And Gil Diaz gave orders that when he died they should bury him by that good horse, Bavieca, whom he had loved so well.

"Doña Ximena, the Cid's faithful wife, died four years after her husband's death. She was buried at the foot of the ivory chair on which the Cid was seated."

The Chronicle relates a curious story of a Jew who when contemplating the body of the Cid seated, with his countenance so fair and comely, and his long beard in such goodly order, and his sword Tizona in its scabbard in his left hand, said within himself, "This is the body of Ruy Diez, the Cid, whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived. * * * I will take him by the beard now." And he put forth his hand to do so; but before the hand could reach it, the Cid let the strings of his mantle go from his right hand, and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length

out of the scabbard. The Jew fell on his back, and began to cry out; but before any one could arrive, he was senseless.

The Abbot, who was preaching an annual sermon when this event happened, called for holy-water, and threw it on the face of the Jew, who came to himself, and having related what had happened, begged of the Abbot to baptize, and make him a Christian; which was done, and the name of Diego Gil was given to him. After that day the body of the Cid remained in the same posture; for they never took his hand off the sword, nor changed his garments more; and thus it remained three years more, till it had been there ten years in all. And then the nose began to change colour.

The body was then placed in a vault with a high arch before the altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, seated as it was in the ivory chair, and with the sword in the Cid's hand, and they hung up the shield and the banner upon the walls.

The body was afterwards deposited in a stone coffin, and the tomb of the Cid, and of his faithful wife, Doña Ximena, was placed in the centre of the great chapel in the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña about two leagues from Burgos.

That Monastery is now abolished, though the edifice still exists; and in a small chapel belonging to it is the

monument. It is surmounted by the effigies in marble of the Cid and his beloved Ximena. During the Peninsular War, the French Governor of Burgos, with a laudable desire to place the remains of the Castilian hero and his wife out of the reach of injury, caused them to be removed to that city, where they were deposited in a tomb on an islet of the river Arlanzon, forming, by means of a bridge, part of the public promenade. They were, however, again conveyed with much pomp, in 1826, to the chapel in the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, where they still repose. I was unable to visit this sacred spot during my short stay at Burgos, which I much regretted.

The Cid's house in Burgos fell into ruins more than two centuries ago; but out of those ruins a monument has been erected; it is ornamented with his arms, beneath which is the following inscription:

"Here was born, in the year 1026, and here dwelt Rodrigo Diez de Bivar, surnamed El Cid Campeador. He died at Valencia in 1099, and his body was transferred to the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña near this city. It was in honour of the eternal memory of a hero of Burgos that in the year 1784 this monument was erected on the ancient ruins of his dwelling."

One of the coffers which were given in pledge to the Jews, Rachel and Vidas, was hung up by two chains under the dome in the Monastery of Cardeña; the other,

as before stated, rests upon iron brackets close to the lofty roof of the sacristy of Burgos Cathedral. I contemplated it with the greatest interest, as having so curious a history attached to it. The red leather has quite disappeared. The wood is of a yellow colour in a very decayed state, so much so as to appear ready to crumble into dust, which is not extraordinary as it must be at least eight hundred years old.

This coffer, and the tomb of the Cid, in the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, are evidences that, though there is no doubt much romance is linked with the Chronicles, narratives, and ballads relative to the Cid, the main points of his history are authentic.

The celebrated citadel on the crown of a steep hill commanding the city, which was reduced to a heap of ruins by the memorable operations against it by the British army during the Peninsular War, was being repaired, and the works in progress were executed in a skilful and solid manner. Several pieces of fine bronze cannon were already mounted.

The climate of Burgos is disagreeable; heavy rains were falling during the greater part of the time I was there, and even in summer, and under a scorching sun, cold winds are prevalent. It is said that the inhabitants of Burgos speak the Spanish language with great purity.

My horses were knocked up, so I got rid of them, and

continued my journey to Madrid in the *diligencia*, a very commodious stage-coach for six inside passengers. We started, however, at three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the usual hour of five in the morning, in consequence of some mistake about the mules, none being forthcoming until the latter hour. This irregularity was one among the many evils growing out of the state of the country, desolated as it was by the civil war. Instead of sleeping at Valladolid as is usual, we were compelled to travel all night, and did not reach that ancient city till six on the following morning. We only remained there long enough to take some refreshment. The country we passed though was, for the most part, bleak and uncultivated; but it is right to state, that, in order to avoid the risk of falling in with straggling bands of Carlists, we diverged from the high-road, and traversed a lonely sandy district.

We had a rough-looking guard of four or five persons armed with *trabucos*, or blunderbusses, on the roof of the coach. I believe they had all been robbers, and it was further intimated to me, by one of my fellow-passengers, that there was a pecuniary stipulation between the proprietors of the *diligence* and certain gentlemen of the road, whereby the latter were bound—and they fulfilled their arrangements scrupulously—not to molest the travellers.

Nothing worth relating occurred on this journey. We

halted, from eight in the evening until four on the following morning at a large *parador*, or inn, where an excellent supper and clean beds were provided for the passengers about five leagues from Madrid, at which city we arrived about nine.

The country immediately around Madrid has a dreary aspect. That city with its towers, domes, and steeples, rises apparently in the midst of a waste, yet within its walls is every thing that can contribute to the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of its varied inhabitants.

After a short detention at the post-house, occasioned by the usual formalities in investigating our passports, our trunks having been also examined by the officers appointed to collect the city dues at the gate, I was glad to hasten to the *posada* called La Fontana de Oro, or the Golden Fountain, in a street not far from the celebrated Puerta de Sol.

It may be as well to mention that my arrival at Madrid took place in October, 1835.

CHAPTER X.

Madrid—Climate—Country round Madrid—Alcalá gate—The Manzanares—Promenade of Las Delicias—The coach-office and its annoyances—Puerta del Sol and its loungers—The Féria—Change of dwelling—Matting—Casas de Huespedes—La Plaza de Oriente—Duke de la Victoria—Royal palace—Tapestry in the palace—The Royal family—El tio Carlos—The Prime Minister.

MADRID is situated almost in the centre of Spain; its elevated position causes the distinctions of the seasons to be very strongly marked; the summer heats are intense, and in the winter the cold is piercing, and the dry and cutting winds penetrate to the very bones. In the spring and early part of the summer, as well as in the autumnal season, the climate is delightful; nor had I, indeed, any reason to complain of it during my residence of an entire winter in the Spanish capital, although my friends were always warning me to guard against an attack of *pulmonia*, or phthisis, by encasing myself in a flannel

waistcoat, and never going out, especially at night, without being *bien embozado*, that is, well muffled up by covering the face almost as far as the eyes with the folds of a cloak. I did neither, however, considering myself to be weather-proof, in consequence of my habit, from my earliest years, of hardening my constitution by discarding superfluous clothing, and trusting to air and exercise for the preservation of health. As to the *embozado* part of the story, I certainly did make an experiment in that way two or three times, by throwing an angle of my cloak over my left shoulder, taking the mouth into the same sanctuary in the way, and sticking out my left elbow under the cloak; but the mantle soon dropped off its perch in spite of all my occult elbow manœuvring, fell like a mourning cloak, straight down, and left me with one arm a-kimbo, and my mouth, instead of being doubly sealed against the cutting wind, opened widely by a hearty laugh at my own clumsiness, and at the funny expression of the eyes of the passers-by as they peered upon me from above the velvet folds of their own well-arranged *capas*. The fact is, no one but a Spaniard can manage a Spanish cloak; this graceful covering originates, no doubt, as we may be sure all national costumes and habits do, in the necessities arising from climate, and other local causes; for it must not be supposed because I, with my iron constitution, disdaining to muffle myself up during my winter

perambulations in Madrid, escaped *pulmonia*, that it would be prudent for others, either natives or foreigners, to follow my example in a general way, for I was constantly hearing of people in robust health being suddenly struck with that distressing disease, which progresses to its fatal termination much more rapidly in Madrid than in our own moister climate.

The country round Madrid has, as before observed, a dreary appearance on account of the absence of trees; although it was formerly covered with forests, infested, according to tradition, with wild boars and bears. The molestation occasioned by these animals, when the successors of the Emperor Charles V. chose Madrid for their residence, caused the neighbourhood to be cleared; the demand for fire-wood added another motive, and the neglect of planting has caused the country to be laid bare, and the capital to be exposed to the cutting winds which, especially in the winter season, rush down from the snow-capped mountains of Somosierra and Guadarrama.

Madrid, though not fortified, is surrounded by a wall for the purpose of preventing the introduction of provisions or other supplies without payment of the *Dérécho de Puertas*, or town dues, which are collected at fifteen gates, or *puertas*. The Alcalá gate is a triumphal arch of very elegant proportions, and forms a magnificent entrance, opening, as it does, on the wide handsome street

of Alcalá, which is bordered in many parts with noble edifices, and crosses the celebrated public promenade, the Prado, with its groves of lofty elms, superb fountains, and grand central avenue.

The river Manzanares which flows close to the city-walls, is generally so low that it may be crossed on foot without difficulty, there not being more than two or three feet water; but on the melting of the snows on the mountains, the floods rush down impetuously, the stream becomes swollen, and for a season assumes all the attributes of a great river, occasionally inundating and fertilizing the neighbouring valley. For this reason two magnificent stone-bridges, those of Toledo and Segovia, in front of the gates of those names, span its bed. One of them is said to be eleven hundred feet in length, and thirty-two wide.

Those, who, for the first time, behold that noble bridge of many arches, stretching over a riband of a stream, bordered by flat sands, are apt to marvel at so apparently useless a display of bridge architecture; but the above particulars will explain the cause. This bridge has been frequently the theme of satirical remark. It is related that a Spaniard passing over it one day, when the bed of the river was perfectly dry, exclaimed: "*Es menester vender la puente por comprar agua*, the bridge ought to be sold to purchase water."

The celebrated and witty Spanish writer, Quevedo, says: "Manzanares is reduced during the summer season to the melancholy condition of a wicked rich man who seeks for water in the depths of hell." On the other hand, this river has been celebrated and ennobled by the Spanish poet, Gongora, in the following grandiloquent terms:

Manzanares, Manzanares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo
Estois Duque de arroyos,
Y Visconde de los rios.

"Manzanares, Manzanares, thou who art throughout the aquatic realms, Duke of Streams and Viscount of Rivers."

Notwithstanding the usually low state of the Manzanares, it is of great use to Madrid. The Canal de Manzanares, which runs close to the promenade of Las Delicias, and the numerous baths in the metropolis, are supplied by its waters; great numbers of washerwomen pursue their vocation on its banks, along which there is an agreeable promenade, shaded by a double row of lofty trees: it is much frequented in the summer. There are four smaller bridges across the Manzanares.

The traveller who arrives at Madrid by the *diligence*, has to exercise the virtue of patience in being called upon

to open his trunks, and submit them to the inspection of a custom-house officer who attends at the coach-office for that purpose; due care having been taken that no luggage or goods shall be abstracted from the vehicle on its passage from the city-gate to this office, by despatching a mounted officer to ride by its side until it has entered the yard of the *diligence* establishment.

I submitted with a good grace to this formality. A world of other annoyances is avoided by adopting this course; for, after all, a man does not travel to find every capital like London, which people enter and leave without any one having authority to examine their baggage, or to ask them a single question. It would therefore be wrong and profitless to cry out against and resist the different forms one is required to pass through in common with the inhabitants of the country in which he is travelling. If a stranger begin to growl at the very gate of the city he is about to enter, it is ten to one but he will continue to do so, more or less, during his sojourn there; consequently he will form unjust and erroneous opinions of the place, and deprive himself of many recreations.

All the ceremonies were quickly gone through with due order and civility, and I was soon lodged at the Fonda, or Hotel of La Fontana de Oro, the Golden Fountain, as mentioned at the conclusion of the preceding chapter.

A few hours afterwards, I sallied forth in search of a hat, and was soon supplied with an excellent beaver, one of Spanish manufacture, the cost being about the same as in London for a hat of similar quality.

The insignificant circumstance of this little purchase of mine is noticed, merely because it brought me at once within the attractive influence of that magnet, to which all the particles of Madrid society are, in succession, irresistibly drawn:—the far-famed *Puerta del Sol*, so called from a castle which formerly stood on the spot having a sun sculptured over its gate. It is situated in the centre of the best part of the metropolis, and several of the principal and most frequented streets diverge from it.

It was between one and two in the afternoon,—high-change at the Gate of the Sun. What a motley group! Officers might be seen in full and undress uniforms, civilians, from the well-combed, and bearded, and scented *Lechugino*, or dandy, to the shabby-genteel *Cesante*, or turned out *burcaucrat*; whilst many grave-looking personages enveloped in cloaks form knots of gossipers whose station it would be difficult to determine. The crowd extended to some little distance up the steep *Calle de la Montéra*, the Bond Street of Madrid, in which there is a variety of excellent shops. Here and there are bandit-looking figures

with pointed hats, their complexions as brown as their ample cloaks, which hanging carelessly over one shoulder, and held up in graceful folds by one hand, leave the other free for a cigar, or other purposes. Who can pretend to divine the calling of these stalwart loungers who only speak in monosyllables?

Then there are water-sellers, little shoe-blacks, *Ciegos*, that is, blind criers of news, true or false as the case may be; and presently up dashes a *Manola*, with her short petticoats, and black silk mantilla, edged with broad black velvet, hitched upon a high tortoiseshell or gilt comb.

This was something like the *coup d'œil* that struck me on seeing the Puerta del Sol, for the first time, and with slight variations it is the same all the year round until about two o'clock, when the crowd gradually disperses, and the place is traversed only by a few carriages and persons passing to and from the surrounding streets. The main occupation of the frequenters of the Puerta del Sol may, I think, be not unaptly comprised in one little word —*gossip*.

It happened to be fair time when I arrived in Madrid. This fair lasts from the 20th of September to the 4th of October; and in addition to the stalls and sheds for toys and nick-nackery, common on such occasions in all countries, it is the custom to expose for sale, along the sides of the lower part of the extensive and handsome

street of Alcalá and other principal thoroughfares, old furniture of every description, pictures, all sorts of household utensils, and second-hand wares. The effect was unique, and the inspection of some of the standings might have afforded here and there a treat to the lover of such antiquities as give a clue to the bygone customs of so interesting a people as the Spaniards have ever been. There are to be seen curious old chairs, with backs formed of a broad piece of leather, fixed across the centre with brass nails, tarnished by age; ancient cabinets inlaid with ivory and tortoise shell, but in a neglected state; old wardrobes, with carved panels, and worm-eaten *arcas*, or chests; oddly-shaped lamps, antique crucifixes, and tables with crooked legs. Then there were old books, many with large brass clasps, and parchment covers; prints yellow with age, some of them valuable specimens of the art of engraving many, many years ago; and even the erudite searcher after legendary lore might by chance fall upon some valuable manuscript among the bundles of old paper heaped up for sale at the *féria* of Madrid. Those who are curious as to ancient arms might have an opportunity of selecting some good specimens of Toledo blades, with huge hilts of ingenious workmanship, as well as fire-arms with richly carved stocks and inlaid ornaments, covered with the crust of ages.

The mass of the second-hand goods exposed for sale at

the fair is, however, of little value; and I was informed that the same things were to be seen in the same places year after year. It is a sort of fashion to send old furniture to the *féria*.

In a couple of days I was fortunate enough to change my temporary quarters at la Fontana del Oro for a very convenient apartment in la Calle de las Carretas, leading to the Puerta del Sol; and in which are situated la Bolsa, or Exchange, the royal printing office, other public establishments, and good private houses and shops. It is also close to the Post-office, not a great way from the Palace, and within five minutes' walk of the noble street of Alcalá.

The great advantage of this apartment, however, was that there was a *chimenia*, or fire-place, in my sitting-room which was spacious. It had two large windows, with their corresponding balconies; an *alcoba*, or recess closed with folding glazed-doors leading out of the saloon formed my bed-room. The tiled floor had just been completely covered over with the winter matting, which forms a very good substitute for a carpet; it is thick and made of *esparto*—a shrub which grows principally in the province of Valencia, I believe. These mattings are woven in different patterns; a portion of the fibres being dyed red, and mingled with the natural yellow tint of the others. In summer time the floors are covered with a

finer sort of matting, resembling India-matting, plain, or variegated, which gives a cool and pleasant air to the apartments. In many good houses, however, the tiles are left bare, but are painted red, and highly polished.

Matting forms a considerable article of trade in Madrid, and other cities of Spain. The Valencianos, who deal in it, have their warehouses generally in the lower front chambers, and sometimes in part of large door-ways of houses. There the matting is to be seen rolled up in pieces of about a yard in width, and piled to the ceiling; whilst the master and an assistant, clad in their provincial costume, their feet protected by sandals made of the same *esparto*, sit waiting for customers. If you wish to have a room covered, the price per *vara*, or yard, having been adjusted, the roll of matting is taken to your house, cut with large clasp-knives to the proper lengths in the room, sewed together with packing-needles threaded with the same fibres by the Valenciano and his man, fitted and laid down at once, and the remainder taken away.

In Madrid, with the exception of the higher ranks of the nobility, and the very wealthy classes, families usually occupy separate floors, or flats, there being a common staircase upon which the doors of the various stories open. The houses are in general lofty, with rows of balconies on every floor. In the summer these balconies are covered with awnings, plain and ornamented; and then they form

during the heat of the day, or in the evening, pleasant verandas to sit in on low chairs, the sides being opened to allow the breeze to circulate. Water is also occasionally thrown over the canvass during the great heats, thus cooling and refreshing these external boudoirs.

There are a great number of *casas de huespedes*, or boarding-houses in Madrid. In good and central neighbourhoods, a bed-room, board, the use of the general saloon, and the advantages of the society of those assembling there in the evening, may be obtained for the payment of a dollar, or four shillings and two-pence a day. In less desirable quarters of the city, no doubt the price is much lower; and those who are *abonado*, that is, who make arrangements by the month or quarter, can do so on very advantageous terms

The house where I lived was a *casa de huespedes*, though the only boarders were a Deputy to Cortes—a worthy gentleman, who generally voted with the Minister of the day—and one or two other respectable individuals. I should say that, in a majority of instances, a foreigner sojourning in Madrid would do well to become a boarder in some respectable *casa de huespedes*, upon terms suitable to his means; availing himself of the sources of information which daily domestic intercourse would naturally place at his disposal. No people in the world are more polite, obliging, and anxious to serve those who conform

to their habits, and are willing to appreciate them, than the Spaniards.

I did not board with the family; but made an agreement for my apartments, and for my meals, at the hours which suited my convenience; the expense was, of course, somewhat greater than upon the other plan.

Madrid contains a variety of monuments and institutions, which only require to be visited to be admired; and no European capital possesses a more beautiful royal palace. It is approached by the Calle Mayor, a long and broad street, near the termination of which is La Plaza de Oriente, in which stands a new and handsome theatre, with concert and ball-rooms. Thence to the Palace the ground was at this period broken, and there was an air of desolation about it; but during the Regency of the Duke de la Victoria, a plan was adopted, and means for carrying it into immediate effect were provided, for transforming this arid and desert spot into a magnificent public garden, with flower-beds, ornamental basins, and statues.

The palace stands on an eminence, and is built of stone of such extreme whiteness, that although, with the exception of two additional wings not yet completed, it was erected in 1736, it has the appearance of having been recently constructed. The gardens extend to the river.

This regal edifice is a quadrangle, with a *patio*, or court, in the centre. Each front is four hundred feet in length. The roof, covered with lead, is flat, and surrounded by a handsome stone balustrade. There are five gates in the principal façade, and over the centre, or grand gate, is a gallery supported by four handsome columns.

The principal stair-case leading to the royal and state apartments is of marble, and of elegant proportions. The ceiling is adorned with fine paintings, and a profusion of gilding.

The throne-room is a hundred and twenty feet in length, and is hung with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and panelled with looking-glasses each ten feet in height, in massive gilt frames, from the celebrated royal manufactory of San Ildefonso. The chandeliers of rock crystal are of great beauty. There are many superb tables of highly-polished Spanish marble, and costly furniture of every description. The ceiling is painted in fresco by the Venetian artist, Tiepolo.

I will not attempt to describe the different halls and galleries, and state apartments; suffice it to say, that they are in a similar style of magnificence. Many of them are hung with tapestry manufactured at the establishment of Santa Barbara, close to Madrid, which is justly considered

to be equal to that of the Gobelins at Paris. There are, or were, many fine paintings by native and foreign masters in the state apartments.

The royal chapel, although it is not very spacious, is highly ornamented with fresco paintings and gilding. The cupola is supported by sixteen marble columns.

The windows of the palace are externally decorated with sculptured marble; they are glazed with plate-glass which, together with a great number of gilded balconies, produce a brilliant effect. The prospect from those of the back-front is pleasant, embracing the fine walks by the side of the Manzanares, and the surrounding country; the view is bounded by the Guadarrama mountains. They were capped with snow during the greater part of the time I was at Madrid.

The *patio*, or court of the palace, is a species of thoroughfare, as the offices of the Minister *de Estado* or of foreign affairs, are on the ground floor of an angle of the edifice.

There were no public receptions at the palace during my sojourn at Madrid. Queen Isabel was a mere child, and the Queen-Mother was during the greater part of the time at the Pardo, a royal residence about two leagues from the capital. When the royal family were at the palace they lived quite privately taking airings daily in

the environs. Their carriages were drawn by horses, and those of the suite by remarkably fine mules at least sixteen hands high, fat and sleek.

A laughable circumstance is said to have occurred one evening at the palace. It was in the month of February, 1836. The Prince of Capua, with his Princess, arrived unexpectedly at Madrid, where they sojourned only a few days, and were not formally received at Court. I believe their highnesses remained during their stay at an hotel. They, however, paid private visits to the Prince's sisters, the Queen-Mother, and the late Consort of the Infante Don Francisco de Paulo, who, with his numerous family, also inhabited a portion of the palace.

The young Queen and her sister, the Infanta, had retired to rest when their uncle visited Queen Cristina at about nine in the evening. After a time her Majesty, being anxious that the children should see the Prince, desired that they might be awakened, dressed, and brought down. In answer to their anxious inquiries as to the cause of this unusual interruption of their slumbers, they were told that their uncle, the Prince Don Carlos (the Prince of Capua's name is Carlos) had arrived, and was waiting to see his nieces.

The children burst into tears, crying out:

"*Ay! El tio Carlos está en Madrid*—oh dear! Uncle Carlos is in Madrid! Keep us out of his sight, *por Dios!*

what will become of us all? Uncle Carlos is in Madrid!" and weeping and wailing they declared they would not see him. The name of Don Carlos frightened them; they thought that it was their Spanish Uncle Carlos instead of the Neapolitan one, and consequently were in an agony at the idea of being brought before a sort of Ogre who was longing to gobble them up. Their attendants succeeded at length in pacifying and convincing them that *el tio Carlos*, the *faccioso*, was still rambling up and down in the Basque provinces, and that their other uncle was a *buen tio*—a good harmless uncle—who only wished to embrace them, and say good bye. They suffered themselves therefore to be conducted to him, and all were very merry at the mistake into which they had fallen.

It fell to my lot to have occasion to pay many visits to the palace; not visits to royalty, of course, but to the *Ministerio de Estado*, as it is called, or as we should say, the Foreign-office, which is established on the ground floor of a wing of the palace.

Beautiful as that palace is, it had a deserted aspect, even when the royal family were there. Its courts and corridors were silent and solitary, excepting when paced by some official persons, or others going on business to the ministerial offices.

Although the ante-chamber of the Prime Minister was constantly crowded by individuals of all ranks, professions,

and ages, waiting for an audience, they seemed to come and go like so many ghosts, vanishing as it were into "thin air" one after the other. Some rushed from the audience-chamber with radiant countenances, radiant, one may presume, from the effect of promises and assurances which probably the pestered minister could not afterwards verify, although sincerely made on the pressure of the moment; others downcast by the disappointment of their just hopes, or indignant at the necessary refusal of unreasonable claims for advancement.

CHAPTER XI.

Empléomania—Pretendientes—Spanish patience—Sérénos—Plaza del Oriente—Disasters of Spain—Godoy, Prince of Peace—Palafox, Duke of Zaragoza—Castaños, Duke of Baylen—Royal armoury—El Prado—El Salon—The Mantilla—Romantic scene—Muséo del Rey—National gallery—Palace of El Buen Retiro—The Menagerie—Ferdinand VII.—El Reservado—Las Delicias.

THE wearing malady which is continually gnawing the heart's-core of Spain, is what is aptly termed *empléomania*, or the rage for place. It pervades every class of society, not only in the capital, but all over the kingdom. So long as this mania shall last, so long will the country be at the mercy of adventurers. There is always a mass of people called *césantes*, that is, those out of place, grumbling, threatening, conspiring, and, in a majority of instances, so successfully, that if a ministry remain in power six months it is quite a wonder. When they go out great numbers of their *empléados* become *césantes*.

and consequently begin undermining the new ministerial fabric. Every cabinet commences by undoing what its predecessor had done. The treasury, however, is found to be empty; offers of funds are made upon the most onerous terms for the nation, but they are accepted with avidity by the finance minister, who has no other means of carrying on the government; and even if the minister be a perfectly honest man, these funds are so frittered away in their passage to their supposed destination, that penury soon stares the distracted functionary again in the face. Hordes of political adventurers and hangers-on, who have no political faith whatever, and whose sole anxiety is to well line their pockets, buzz about the ministers, haunt the public offices, and keep up the *empléomania* among the hosts of *césantes* without. The perplexed ministers knock at many doors to solicit assistance, find them all closed, and resign in despair.

Biting journals whose editors are perhaps seeking to be ministers, or to get some snug post under their employers, if they should come into power, keep up the demoralizing game which proceeds *ad infinitum*, loosening all the bonds of society, and perpetuating a moral civil war all over the country.

The salaries of public functionaries in general are small, and quite insufficient—excepting among the higher orders—for the support of the families of those who have

made such tremendous efforts to get places. The *empléomania*, therefore, would be unaccountable were it not for the well-known fact, that the deficiency of salary is often made up by corruption. I do not say this is invariably the case: there are no doubt numerous most honourable exceptions; but this is the general state of things, and is the main cause of the continual revolutions and disasters of which poor Spain is the theatre. We ought not to be too hard upon the *empléomaniacs*, for they have no other means of living, and the system has continued so long that they follow it as a matter of course.

Whilst many of the successful *empléomaniacs* are thus fattening on corruption, hundreds of officers of merit, and others, who have made real and important sacrifices for their country, are, with their families, dragging on a miserable existence in garrets, or other wretched dwellings in the metropolis, with long arrears of pay due to them, of which there is not the slightest chance of their ever receiving a single *maravedi*.

Parties soliciting places or employments are designated by the significant titles of *pretendientes;* and unless they have cash, or other equivalents wherewith to conciliate the *empléados* of the offices which their petitions have to pass through, they are likely to be treated with as little ceremony as the *pretendiente* to the young Queen's throne was by her Majesty's military authorities; in short they

are repulsed at every turn, and at length driven out of the field.

It is nevertheless quite edifying to see with what patience the poor *pretendientes* bear their disappointments, and how they will recommence their hopeless attendance on the ministerial ante-chambers, at each change in the cabinet. *Pacienca y barajar*—patience, and shuffle the cards—is one of the many wise Spanish sayings, and most certainly the Spaniards do carry its spirit practically into effect, under the many trials to which the majority of them have been exposed of late years. The *sufrimiento*, or patient long-suffering they display is one of their most valuable qualities. When roused, when injustice and severity have been carried to an unendurable pitch, then their passions boil with destructive fury over the whole surface of society.

It was the custom, and I presume is so still, for ministers to make appointments on business at night; and I have frequently been to the palace between the hours of midnight and two or three o'clock in the morning. My worthy *patrona*, and several of my friends frequently remonstrated with me on this score, saying it was not safe to perambulate that somewhat lonely neighbourhood at such unreasonable hours. I was recommended, at all events, to protect myself by carrying about my person a brace of pocket-pistols, or a sword-cane in my hand; and

a variety of stories were related to me of persons who had been robbed and even assassinated by wretches who concealed themselves in doorways, and thence rushed out upon the luckless and unsuspecting passenger. But when I said, that instead of going along the Calle Mayor, I usually took a street branching off to the right, close by the point where the former terminates, not far from the Post-office, by which the distance was shortened, I was told it was very imprudent to do so.

However, without pocket-pistols, or sword-cane, but only with my usual walking-stick I went, two or three times a week, during the dreary winter-months, and never met with the slightest annoyance. The only precaution I adopted was to walk in the middle of the streets, and to keep my eyes about me. Here and there I came upon a *séréno*, or watchman, with his monk-like gown, his lance and lantern. These men are extremely civil, and if a stranger should lose his way, will not only put him in the right road, but accompany him to his home. I believe they are obliged by their rules and orders to do so; of course they cannot be held responsible for what may happen on their beats during their absence.

On crossing the rather wild spot a little beyond the Plaza del Oriente to the Palacio, on a clear sharp winter night, as that white edifice stood out in beauteous solitude, and reflecting on the strange scenes which had been

enacted in its splendid apartments, the intrigues there concocted and carried into execution, the discordant state in which it was said the Queen-Mother and her sister Doña Louisa Carlota lived, though sheltered under the same roof—when reflecting on all these circumstances, disasters and miseries for poor Spain were prefigured to my mind's eye; disasters, which are even now falling upon that tortured country, and are the preludes to still greater miseries consequent upon a reaction which is imminent.

Most of the other ministerial offices were in a splendid mansion, formerly belonging to the Prince of Peace, Godoy, not far from the royal palace. The double staircase leading to the principal floor is very fine, and is terminated by a vestibule supported by lofty columns with gilded capitals. There are four halls, which were at this time appropriated to the purposes of ante-rooms to the officers and apartments of the Ministers of Finance, Grace and Justice, War and Marine. These halls are handsome and adorned with allegorical fresco-paintings, and the apartments to which they lead have painted ceilings, and doors of mahogany with carved panels.

One morning I happened to be waiting to see the Prime Minister, Señor Mendizabal, at the office of the Ministry of Finance, when a General Officer in uniform entered, and sent in his card.

The General, though advaneed in years, was a hale-looking man, his uniform, however, hung rather loosely about him, as though his person had become less stout than formerly. He carried a gold-headed cane in his hand, and taking off his cocked hat, seated himself quietly on a chair, after giving his card to the porter. There was a quickness in the expression of his eyes as they roamed over the hall, indicative of habits of observation, and perhaps anxiety. The porter returned, and said the Minister would see him directly. I was standing near the window when the man approached the table in front of it, and asked him, in a low tone, who that General Officer was.

"*Palafox, el Duque de Zaragoza.*"

"Palafox!" said I, and crossing the hall I saluted the hero of Zaragoza, telling him that as an Englishman who loved Spain, I felt proud of the opportunity of paying my respects to one who had so distinguished himself in the defence of his country. He received my salutation with great courtesy; shook me by the hand, and whilst I was saying how much venerated his name was in England, he was invited into the Minister's room, where he did not remain long. As he left it, my name was called, so there was only time to salute him again, and to receive another shake by the hand.

I saw Palafox frequently afterwards during my stay at

Madrid; but this first unexpected meeting made a great impression on my mind. A short time before, I had been wandering about the ancient and heroic city, which he and its brave inhabitants had so nobly defended nearly thirty years back. I had heard and treasured up many details of those memorable days, and of the heroism so universally displayed. Moreover, from my earliest youth the name of Palafox had a great charm for me, as the type of distinguished patriotism.

Another veteran of the Peninsular War, Castaños, Duke of Baylen, who routed the division of the French Imperial army under Dupont at Baylen, and took the greater part prisoners, was also at Madrid. He is a tall, slim old man, and delights in wearing the old white uniform of his day. He was a great favourite with Ferdinand VII., a privileged personage, and was wont to amuse that ungrateful monarch and his court by his odd sayings and jokes. I have seen these two venerable chiefs side by side in the Legislative Chamber, and other places. On such occasions my thoughts reverted to those stirring times, when Spain was *united* against a foreign enemy, instead of being, as is now unhappily the case, dislocated by civil broils, and a victim to the most sordid and disgraceful passions.

Adjoining the Palace is the Royal Armoury. The edifice, constructed in the reign of Philip II., is plain but

extensive. On its principal floor is the gallery, two hundred and twenty feet long, where the more remarkable curiosities of the place are arranged with great judgment and taste, and kept in excellent order. The walls are covered with small arms, arranged in a variety of figures, also with javelins, and arrows.

The effigies of the Emperor Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., and three warriors on horseback, all completely armed, produce a fine effect; there is also a figure of San Fernando the King, completely armed. The armour of Charles V. is that which he wore during his expedition to Tunis. These suits of armour are richly ornamented, and inlaid with gold, emeralds, and precious stones. The horse-armour is in high preservation, and of great beauty: many of the saddles of antique form are embroidered with gold, and studded with jewels. The armour of Ferdinand and Isabella is also here preserved; there are two suits which belonged to the latter, consisting of a breast-plate and *espaldar*, or piece of armour for the back, armlets, and a morion, having *Isabel* engraved on the vizor.

Among other suits of armour wrought with great perfection, are those of Chico, King of Granada, the *Gran Capitan*, Gonzalez Fernandez de Cordova, Don John of Austria, Hernan Cortès the Conqueror of Mexico; and a suit presented to Philip V. by Louis XIV. I was also

shown the swords of Pelagius, St. Ferdinand, the Emperor Charles V., the Cid, the Gran Capitan, and Hernan Cortès, the scimitar of Ali-Bajá, the Turkish General, who commanded at the battle of Lepanto; other sabres highly finished and ornamented, presented by the Turks to the Kings of Spain, a number of daggers, partisans, halberds, pikes and lances, javelins, or hunting-spears, darts, battle-axes, maces, chain-armour for horses; several very ancient pieces of cannon, muskets, arquebuses, pistols and blunderbusses, and some *cerbatanas*, or machines for firing clay bullets. There are also several standards of the Emperor Charles V., under which the Spaniards fought at the battle of Lepanto, and banners belonging to other nations, horse-tails taken from Turkish Pachas, and bows and arrows brought from America by Hernan Cortès. There are several coats of mail which had belonged to distinguished warriors.

Among the curiosities is an antique coach, said to have been the first seen in Madrid. It was used by Queen Doña Juana, wife of Philip I. in 1546. There is another carriage, or car, made entirely of highly polished Biscayan iron, which was presented to Ferdinand VII., as Lord of Biscay, when he passed through that province in 1828.

There is a very curious collection of Chinese match-locks, and other arms; many of the stocks are of ivory, inlaid with polished steel, and of peculiar form.

Tickets may always be obtained to visit the Armoury, on a written application to *El Caballerizo, Ballestéro, y Montéro Mayor de Su Majestad*, or Her Majesty's Master of the Horse, Chief Archer, and Chief Huntsman.

The celebrated public promenade called El Prado is in every way deserving of the high praises universally bestowed upon it.

The central walk, called El Salon, extending from the Carréra de San Geromino to the Calle de Alcalá, is fourteen hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred wide; there are shady alleys on either side, and it is flanked by a road for equestrians and carriages. The extent of the Prado, from the Convent of Atocha to the Portillo de Recoletos, is nine thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The whole is planted with fine trees, and there are stone seats at convenient distances.

In addition to the handsome public and other edifices in the vicinity of this beautiful *paséo*, there are on one side of it some elegant *cafés*, where ices and other refreshments of excellent quality are always ready.

But the chief ornaments of the Prado are its fountains. They are eight in number:—those of Neptune, Apollo, and Cybele, are the most remarkable for the boldness and perfection of their execution. These magnificent works of art, sculptured in fine marble, are, like so many others of equal merit, due to the munificence of Carlos III., who

transformed an unprofitable and dangerous space of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace of El Retiro, into one of the most delightful public promenades in Europe.

A monument in honour of the victims on the 2d of May 1808, who fell gallantly defending the city against the attack of the French, has been recently erected in that part of the Prado leading to the Palace of El Retiro.

The Prado, at full promenade time, and especially on Sundays and holidays, presents an animated and interesting scene. Each class selects the avenue most suited to its habits and tastes; but *El Salon* is the point of attraction for the *beau monde*.

How gracefully the Señoras and Señoritas float and flutter along the gay parterre, where many-coloured uniforms, and diversified costumes sprout up in every direction to divert and do homage to them! Here are assembled the beauties of every part of Spain, and in no country in the world can there be a brighter display of female loveliness than on the Prado of Madrid.

Although French fashionable bonnets had become much in vogue, still the more elegant national costume—the mantilla, predominated. It is worn and arranged with a natural grace which enchants the beholder. A Spanish lady seems always to have some little matter to adjust,

which sets off to advantage the quiet elegance of her deportment.

The mantilla is drawn a little more forward, or gently moved a trifle less so; it is crossed in front, or uncrossed, and through its transparent net-work of lace, or blond, are seen the beautiful head and throat rising from a bust of most elegant *contour*. The mantillas are both white and black, but the latter are more general, and are to my taste the most becoming.

And the *abanico!*—the fan! O, what magic there is in that little zephyr-coaxing telegraph! Folded and unfolded with a careless ease, which none but Spanish women can display; waved quickly in recognition of a passing friend, acquaintance, or party; elevated, opened over the forehead to screen it from the rays of the sun, or employed in a multiplicity of other ways—the fan plays an important and attractive part in the hand of a Spanish lady. I have heard it whispered that it is occasionally made the medium of a mysterious intercourse, on sundry subjects interesting to the fair possessors of the code of signals. I am not so happy as to possess the key to them, and am disposed to think that they are more frequently used as kind and playful signs of recognition than as vehicles of intrigue.

In the delicious evenings during the early part of the summer, and in the autumn, when the moon sheds her

pure light around, the Prado presents a romantic picture. Canopied by "the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale, and with all its bright spangles," many a love-tale is there told and listened to with favour; many a vow of eternal fidelity is proffered and believed; many a parting has no doubt there taken place between the gallant officer who was to leave early on the morrow for the army, but who never returned;—whose heart's blood was honourably poured out in the service of his country, leaving his betrothed in the depths of despair.

In the Prado is assembled daily the cream of the society of Madrid, and it may with truth be said that there is a sociability on this beautiful promenade that does not exist in places of analogous resort in larger metropolitan cities. Individuals and families are known to each other; there is a succession of salutations and greetings, and you seem to be sauntering side by side with the members of one vast line of family and friendly connexions. *Seem*, I say;—for, alas! like all other spots where human beings are crowded together, there must be, and are, contending and conflicting feelings and passions at work; and in a city like Madrid, where the bulk of those who move in what is called the world is composed of the ins and outs —placemen, or place-hunters—many a glance of envy, many a half-suppressed malediction must flash and escape as people brush against each other on the Prado.

One of the most striking embellishments of the Prado, is the Muséo del Rey. The architectural beauty of its exterior is remarkable; but its principal merit consists in the National Gallery of Paintings within its walls. Notwithstanding the spoliations of the Spanish collections of pictures perpetrated at various periods, the Museum still contains many admirable productions of the most eminent Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, and the old French painters.

To enter into a lengthened description of these pictures would occupy more space than is consistent with the plan of this humble work; and it would require qualifications which do not fall to the share of its author to do justice to them. I will, therefore, confine myself to the enumeration of the principal painters of note whose works adorn the Muséo del Rey.

The pictures in this National Gallery formerly belonged to the royal collections in the palaces of Madrid, Aranjuez, San Ildefonso, Pardo, Zarzuela, and Quinta. After passing through a noble vestibule, two spacious saloons are seen on the right and left, in which are placed the pictures of the old Spanish school. There are, or were when I was at Madrid, two hundred and seventy-eight of these valuable paintings, of which forty-two are by Murillo, fifty-six by Velasquez, thirty by Ribera, thirteen by Juanes, and the remainder by old Spanish artists of great

merit, though some of their names are little known out of Spain. In a portion of the grand gallery there are between forty and fifty pictures by living Spanish painters, or by some lately deceased; many of them displaying great talent.

Upwards of three hundred paintings of the Italian schools occupy other divisions of the gallery, including thirty by Titian, ten by Guido, twenty by Tintoretto, eighteen by Paul Veronese, eleven by Giordano, one by Raphael, and one by Michael Angelo Caravaggio; also some choice pictures by Andrea del Sarto, Guereino, Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastian del Piombo, the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Bellini, Pannini, &c.

In the third division are about a hundred pictures; the more remarkable being eleven by Mengs, twelve by Nicolas Poussin, four by Van Ostade, seven by Claude de Lorraine, two by Albert Durer, three by Isaac Ostade, four by the celebrated C. Vernet, and others by Valentin, Rigaud, Christobal Hamberger, Roelans, Watteau, and Bourdon.

Two large saloons contain valuable specimens of the Flemish and Dutch schools. I believe the collection of paintings of all classes has been considerably augmented since I visited Madrid by the concentration in the Museum of some very superior pictures from the Escorial, and other royal galleries, and monasteries.

Each painting seems placed in the very light suitable to its peculiar character, and you walk through these galleries and saloons with a most satisfactory feeling that you are not only surrounded by the productions of painters famed in every country, but that so much good taste has been exhibited in the position selected for the pictures, that if the artist whose genius animated the canvass could be resuscitated, and placed in front of all or any of his works contained in this museum, he would exult in the advantageous situation it occupies. How greatly is the visiter's pleasure enhanced when this is the case!

The Museum is open to the public on Sundays and Mondays, from nine till two, from April to October, and from ten till three during the other months. The gallery of sculpture contains works of great merit, both ancient and modern. Travellers and foreigners are admitted every day in the week, in presenting their passports duly certified. When it rains, the museum is closed.

Under the direction of Señor Madrazo, an eminent painter, lithographic drawings are taken from the pictures in this National Gallery, and the prints are sold, by authority, at fixed prices, at an establishment belonging to the Museum. They are extremely well executed, and in the course of time there will be a valuable collection of

these lithographic prints, which will bear comparison with the best specimens of the art in any country.

Catalogues are to be purchased at the Museum for six reals (fifteen-pence) each; they are published in the Spanish, Italian and French languages, and are well and amply drawn up, with short biographical notices of the different painters. The names of the foreign painters are spelt exactly according to their signatures, and as they are written in their respective countries. "This," says the preface to the catalogue, "has appeared to be more desirable than to force the names to the Spanish, Italian, and French pronunciation, with the evident risk of so disfiguring them as to render it impossible to recognise them; which would be particularly the case with the Flemish and Dutch names, the pronunciation of which is known but to very few foreigners; and, finally in order to identify the signatures and monograms which the painters have affixed to their works, these being matters of the greatest interest to connoisseurs and amateurs."

From the foregoing slight sketch of the Royal Museum of Madrid it will be seen that it is highly worthy of inspection, and would of itself well repay a journey to the Spanish capital.

In the Academy of San Fernando in the Calle de Alcalá there are also some valuable paintings and statues. A large picture by Murillo, representing St. Isabel visiting

the sick and infirm poor, arrests the attention of the beholder by its affecting truthfulness.

The palace of *El Buen Retiro*, built by Philip IV. for a royal residence worthy of the capital, and so surrounded by plantations, gardens, and verdure, as to possess all the advantages of a country palace, whither the sovereigns of Spain delighted to repair; where the Court was recreated with theatrical representations; where the apartments were embellished with paintings and magnificent mirrors, was transformed into a fortification by the French during their occupation of Madrid in the Peninsular War. The trees by which it was surrounded were felled by the same foreign hands, and every obstacle to the effective conversion of this "good retreat" into a citadel commanding the metropolis was removed without remorse.

Ferdinand VII., after his return from captivity, gave directions for the palace to be repaired; but this was only partially done. The grounds also were planted with a variety of young trees, and as a quiet promenade and retreat, El Retiro is still resorted to, and possesses many charms. In another part of the grounds are the *fiéras*, or wild beasts. The menagerie is well arranged though not extensive, consisting, I think, of about a dozen beasts of prey, lions, tigers and leopards, a young elephant, several monkeys, and an enormous ape. The public are admitted excepting when any of the royal family are there. The

young Queen and the Infanta, her sister, generally passed an hour or two daily at the Retiro, in the part called El Reservado, a pleasure garden destined for the recreation of the royal family. When they are absent from Madrid, or have left the grounds, a view may be obtained of them by tickets from the *Administrador*.

The Reservado consists of gravelled walks, and some fantastic buildings erected by Ferdinand VII., who often visited them. From the Belvidere, on the summit of an artificial mount, there is a fine view of Madrid and the surrounding country. A very beautiful and extensive aviary is one of the embellishments of the Reservado; and though last not least, the fine bronze equestrian statue of Philip IV., the only remnant of the magnificent ornament of this Retiro, excepting the *cason*, or ball-room, with its valuable fresco paintings by Jordan. The *proceres*, or peers, held their sittings in the *cason* in 1834 and 1835.

When wandering in the grounds of El Retiro, the vicissitudes and calamities were naturally called to mind to which poor Spain has been subjected since that palace of recreation for its monarchs was all but destroyed, and in its place a cluster of gewgaws set up by that ungrateful monarch, for whose sake the nation made such tremendous sacrifices.

The Botanical Garden occupies a large space of ground near the gate of Atocha, in the Prado, from which it is separated by handsome iron railings. This garden is well arranged and planted, and contains every thing that can be desired in a scientific and ornamental point of view. It adds to the beauty of the Prado, and is a favourite promenade. Over the entrance gate, which is simple and elegant, is an inscription to the effect that it was established by Carlos III.

A public garden, called Las Delicias, adjoining the Prado, is much resorted to in summer.

CHAPTER XII.

Bibliotéca Nacional—Cabinet of medals—Cabinet of Natural history—Spanish academy—Conservatorio de Artes—Conservatorio de Musica—Medical colleges—Deaf and Dumb college—Foundling hospital—Public and charitable institutions—The Bolsa, or Exchange—The Post-office—Popular commmotions—Military insurrection—Heroes of the day—The Café Nuevo—The Spy—Café del Principe—Theatres—The Boléro—Tonadillas—Gala nights—El Gallinéro—Teatro de Oriente—Masked ball—Carnival scenes—Spanish ladies—A transition.

THE *Bibliotéca Nacional* contains many treasures which yet remain to be brought to light; at least to my crude imagination it so appears; for truth to tell, though from my boyhood I had a thirst for knowledge, and an intuitive perception of its pleasures and advantages, the fountain became turbid, just when my youthful lips were inviting its invigorating stream, and therefore I cannot descant upon the merits of the volumes and other valuable con-

tents of the *Bibliotéca de Madrid.* But I visited it with an erudite and intelligent friend; and, in company with the director, saw enough to convince me that I was in a rich storehouse of learning. The searcher after Arabic lore would, I imagine, find here wherewithal to gratify his inquiring spirit.

There are about two hundred thousand volumes, and a great number of valuable manuscripts in the Bibliotéca.

In the lower part of the building is a collection of medals, which the scientific functionary entrusted with its custody—I regret that I do not remember his name—was busied in arranging. His politeness was the more appreciable, because he was evidently absorbed in his fascinating occupation. It is vexing when a man has placed his hobbies before him, perhaps just about to mount one of them, and amble off to a long-contemplated nook, it is vexing to be obliged to throw the spectacles back on the bald, intelligent forehead, and regard, with the naked eye, a stranger, to whom he cannot well refuse to exhibit generalities.

I felt this on entering the Cabinet of Medals, and apologized with sincerity for the intrusion; but was assured in so amiable a manner that the apology was unnecessary, and the action was so suited to the word, that without further ceremony I followed this unaffected gentleman in the path he indicated, and availed myself of

his kindness in showing me the valuable contents of the different cases and drawers. The arrangement of this department of medals and antiques had been very much neglected, and the learned director was just beginning to put it in order.

Pursuing the same course as I did with regard to the National Library, I will confine myself to saying that the collection of medals is extremely valuable; and like many other valuable things and establishments in Spain has not yet been duly estimated by foreigners. It is said that there are upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and other medals in gold, silver, copper, and iron, many of them being of exquisite workmanship.

The *Bibliotécas* of the *Académia*, of the Cabinet of Natural History, and of the *Conservatorio de Artes*, are also open to the public, and are replete with works referring to the objects implied by their names.

The *Muséo de Ciencias Naturales* is in the same edifice as the Academy of San Fernando in the Calle de Alcalá, and contains a Cabinet of Natural History as well as a variety of fine specimens of marble from different parts of the Peninsula. In the department devoted to the animal kingdom, is the skeleton of an enormous quadruped, named *El Megaterio*, discovered in Paraguay embedded in the earth.

Several mummies are to be seen in this Museum, as well as a choice collection of antique vases, some of which are formed of costly materials. A room is set apart for Chinese curiosities, such as dresses, ornaments, musical instruments, games and other things giving an insight to the habits and customs of that extraordinary people; and in another apartment are some South American arms and costumes, which would well repay examination. This establishment is open to the public on Mondays and Fridays.

The *Deposito Hidrografico*, and the *Observatorio Astronomico* are establishments of merit.

The *Académia Española* was instituted in the reign of Philip V., in 1713. Its principal object is to cultivate the Castillian language with purity and elegance. The general dictionary is one of its most remarkable publications. There are twenty-four academicians, and some honorary or supernumerary members.

The Academy of History, that of San Fernando, for the cultivation and encouragement of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the *Sociedad Economica de Amigos del Pais*, for the promotion of national industry, improvements in agriculture, and the breed of stock, are excellent institutions; as are also the Ateneo, for scientific and literary conferences and lectures, and the Liceo, of which ladies are admitted as members. On Thursdays

there are *Sesiones de Competencia* at the Liceo, when the members are exercised in painting, poetry, sculpture, music, and elocution, in a handsome theatre built by the society. Pianos, canvass for paintings, and all materials needful for these purposes, are there placed at the disposal of the pupils and artists. Lectures are given, and annual and monthly premiums, consisting of medals and flowers beautifully wrought in gold, are distributed by decision of a junta elected by the members, who, it appears, in the year 1841, were six hundred in number.

The *Conservatorio de Artes* has for its object the advancement and encouragement of the arts and sciences. There is a collection of machinery which is explained by a competent officer in attendance; and there are workshops, where not only the machines belonging to the establishment, but those sent thither by private parties, are repaired. The library is supplied with the best works and foreign journals which treat of improvements in machinery and manufactures. Funds are provided for enabling young men to proceed to foreign countries for scientific instruction; and at certain periods appointed by government there are public exhibitions of Spanish manufactures.

In 1830, the Queen-Mother, Cristina, founded the *Conservatorio de Musica*, where music, elocution, and the Italian language are taught by professors of the highest

reputation. The capital, and other cities of Spain have the advantage of possessing vocalists, musicians, and dramatic performers of superior talent, who have received their professional education in the *Conservatorio de Musica* of Madrid. The most celebrated Italian operas are performed entirely by Spanish *artistes* of both sexes in a way which would call forth warm applauses from the audiences of the first European theatres. The choruses especially are perfect; and Rubini, when he visited Madrid two or three years back, bestowed the highest encomiums on the Spanish-Italian company.

At the *Academia Filarmonica*, formed of the principal musical professors and amateurs, brilliant concerts are given from time to time.

The principal public educational establishments are the *Universidad Literaria*, the *Colegios de San Fernando*, *San Ildefonso*, and *San Carlos*; the latter was founded by Carlos III. in 1783, for medical studies and lectures. This fine but still unfinished edifice, adjoining the General Hospital in the Calle de Atocha, possesses a museum of models, executed in wax, of different parts of the human frame, equal in their exact imitation of nature to the most celebrated specimens in the various European collections of this description.

The *Colegio de Farmacia* was established in 1815 by Fernando VII., and the *Escuela Veterinaria*, by Carlos

IV. in 1791. Worthy of mention also are the *Escuela de Comercio*, the *Escuela Normal*, for the education of masters for the schools of primary instruction throughout the kingdom, and the *Colegio de Sordos-Mudos*, the college of the Deaf and Dumb. The invention of the method of teaching the Deaf and Dumb is claimed, by the Spaniards, for Friar Pedro Ponce de Leon, whose system, they say, was brought to perfection by the humane and celebrated Abbé de l'Epée.

A school for teaching the blind to read, write, and the practice of certain handicrafts, exists now, I understand, in Madrid.

There are several charitable institutions for orphans, for mutual instruction, and a multitude of private academies, where both sexes are instructed in the usual branches of a good education by competent persons and professors. Gratuitous scientific lectures are also given at the several public colleges. In each parish there is a charity school.

To the before-named establishment may be added the *Instituto Español*, for the instruction of young people of both sexes in useful arts; the *Académia de Jurisprudencia y Legislacion*, the *Académias de Ciencias Eclesiasticas*, of *Ciencias Naturales*, and *Greco Latina;* the latter was founded in 1755, for the purpose of preserving, in all their purity, the Greek and Latin tongues in Spain.

The General Hospital, the Hospicio, and the *Casa de Niños Expositos*, or Foundling Hospital, efficiently fulfil the objects for which they were instituted.

In 1834, the late Marquis de Pontejos, then Corregidor of Madrid, established, by means of public subscription, a house of reception for mendicants, in the ci-devant convent of *San Bernadino* outside the gate of that name. The beggars, instead of wandering about the streets as formerly, are clothed, fed, and employed in various manufactures. Several of the elderly men, clad in comfortable *blouses* and wearing oil-skin hats, are permitted to station themselves in the public thoroughfares and promenades, carrying matches for the accommodation of persons who wish to light their cigars. They have tin boxes locked, and strapped in front of them, with the words: "*Pobres de San Bernadino*," painted thereon. These boxes have chinks in the lids, so that money may be dropped into them, which goes towards defraying the expenses of this useful establishment. The men are not allowed to solicit alms.

The *Albergue de San Lorenzo* is a shelter for the houseless poor in winter. There are many other benevolent and excellent public charitable institutions in Madrid.

The *Cuartel de Invalidos*, for the reception of soldiers and sailors mutilated or worn out in the service, was founded in 1835 by royal decree, and opened in 1838, the

convents of Atochá and San Geronimo having been devoted to that object.

The population of Madrid, according to the most recent computations, is between two hundred, and two hundred and twenty thousand.

The markets are well supplied: the two principal, those of *San Ildefonso*, and *San Felipe Neri*, are commodious and well regulated. The old *Plazuela de la Cebada*, in the Calle de Toledo, is badly paved, and surrounded by gloomy-looking and irregularly built houses, the centre being used as a market for grain. The *Plazuela de la Cebada* has a melancholy notoriety, having been the spot for public executions until within the last few years, when they have taken place just outside the gate of Toledo.

The Bolsa, or Exchange, was established in the handsome edifice belonging to La Compañia de Filipinas, in the Calle de Carretas, but has since been transferred to another quarter. It is, strictly speaking, a stock-exchange, the principal transactions being in the public funds or other securities, and the negotiation of bills of exchange. To the mania for gambling in the stocks, the system of time-bargains, and the desperate adventures of all descriptions on the *Bolsa* of Madrid, which is a hot-bed for the unwholesome weeds which overrun and choke up Spanish society, may perhaps be traced many of the cruel disasters inflicted on the country.

The bank of San Fernando was chartered in 1829, the old bank of San Carlos, established in 1782, being incorporated with it. Their notes payable to the bearer are for 500, 1000, and 4000 reals, or £5, £10 and £40. The credit of this bank has always stood upon the best footing. Latterly another bank has been chartered in Madrid, participating in some measure in the advantages accorded to that of San Fernando; it is called the Bank of Isabel II.

The post-office is not only a large and strong building, but independently of its importance as a public establishment, it has always been the point where the elements of popular commotion have either been concentrated for action, or whence they have been scattered by the government forces there assembled, and protected by its massive walls.

It is in a part of the city whither the people naturally flock on all exciting occasions, namely, close to the leading streets which radiate from the Puerta del Sol, and in a line from the palace and ministerial offices by the Calle Mayor to that point. In ordinary times its extensive *patio* and external colonnade are paced chiefly by nondescript individuals in threadbare cloaks, who seem to make a gloomy lounging-place of those porticoes, or by anxious-looking persons casting their eyes along the alphabetical lists suspended on the pillars, looking for the addresses of letters which perhaps never came; or by rapidly-passing

people of all classes, glancing at the same lists of undelivered letters which are daily affixed in conspicuous parts of the post-office.

These lists are very extensive, for it is the custom for letters to be addressed to persons in the Spanish capital, in a great number of instances, merely to Madrid; one of the reasons is, I believe, that from the circumstance of the majority of the inhabitants living in apartments, changes of residence occur more frequently than in places where the generality of families occupy separate houses.

The above is the ordinary aspect of the Casa de Corréos; but when any popular commotion arises, the great gates, front and back, are closed, and the military guard remains inside; if there be time for a reinforcement, perhaps a battalion is sent, and some field-artillery is stationed on the space in front of the building.

The post-office is the stronghold of the government; thence the *alborotadores*, or squabblers, can be dislodged from the Puerta del Sol. This may certainly be done; but, supposing that the military guard should be commanded by a lieutenant hostile to the government, and he should have drawn up his men in the *patio* after closing the gates, and should harangue and tell them that the ministers are a set of *pillos*, *i. e.*, scoundrels; that they rob them of their pay, and so forth? Imagine, after this, the Captain-General of Madrid riding up in full uniform,

his breast covered with stars and crosses, and giving orders to load the field-pieces; more troops being also assembled in front of the post-office. Then, fancy a volley fired from the windows of the strong building, and the Captain-General shot, and falling backwards from his horse—a corpse! Well, all this happened a very short time before my arrival at Madrid; and more than this. After the Captain-General was killed by a musket-ball fired by one of the soldiers in the post-office, the military insurrection continued to be concentrated in that focus. No doubt the conspiracy was extensive, its object being to restore the Constitution of 1812. The firing continued against the troops outside, who fired in return; but the movement not being seconded from without as was expected, and the artillery being pointed against the post-office, the matches lighted and about to be applied, a parley took place with the Generals in command, and communications passed between them and the government, the result being one of those *cosas españolas* which so completely set at nought all ordinary calculation. A capitulation ensued; but it was the government who capitulated! The troops who had kept possession of the post-office, whence the bullet had been fired which killed the Captain-General Canterac, were allowed, together with the whole battalion to which they belonged, to march out with drums beating, colours flying, in front of the

other troops against whom they had been firing, and who paid them military honours; the only condition imposed upon them being one they readily accepted and fulfilled —that of marching forthwith to the Army of the North then actively engaged against the Carlists.

Thus they traversed Madrid, escorted by crowds of the inhabitants, who cheered and cherished them, bringing refreshments to the soldiers, and accompanying the battalion to some little distance beyond the gates of the metropolis, considering and proclaiming them to be the heroes of the day! It is but just to add that they hastened to the army, and continued to do good service there until the close of the civil war.

The ministry, which had neither foreseen this movement, nor put it down by energetic means, although they had at their disposal the whole garrison, excepting that one battalion, fell of course. I will not pursue the subject farther: my object in relating the circumstance has been to give a true description of the post-office at Madrid, in its varied, and often singular, points of view. Other scenes of an equally extraordinary nature have since occurred in and about it, and another Captain-General, Queseda, although not killed there, only made his escape after displaying indomitable personal bravery on that spot, to be barbarously butchered, and his body mutilated, at a little town not far from the capital.

The Casa de Corréos of Madrid is alternately the place whence letters are despatched daily to all parts of the world, and whence human beings are occasionally despatched out of the world.

Madrid abounds in coffee-houses. During the early part of the day they are not much frequented, but in the evening they are crowded.

The Café Nuevo in the Calle de Alcalá, and not far from the Puerta del Sol, is very extensive, and was at this period resorted to by the more exalted of the *exaltados;* many of them the representatives of Young Spain —great talkers, and great reformers—*Urbanos*, as the National Guards were then called, who liked not the way in which political affairs were conducted; also subaltern and other officers belonging to the garrison, or whose regiments were not in garrison at Madrid, but fagging and fighting on the theatre of war; as well as *tios* and *compadres*—gossips—poking about with paper cigars in their mouths.

How swiftly the waiters pass hither and thither! serving the guests seated at the numerous tables with ices and other refreshments, especially *cerveza*—beer—which is poured, effervescing out of bottles into china bowls, after which lemon-juice is squeezed into them, and the whole frothed up with silver punch-ladles, and served round. In the spaces between the lines of tables thus

occupied, are to be seen groups in earnest and mysterious conversation.

What a buzzing! What a medley of sounds diversified, at intervals, by the melodious tones of a handsome musical clock standing on one side of the saloon. And what odd looks! Suddenly a young man with a bushy beard jumps upon a chair, and cries:

"*Señores, somos vendidos*—we are sold. *Hay Carlistas aqui—espias!*—there are Carlists, spies, amongst us! Look there, Señores, look at that man! He in the cloak turned up with red velvet!"

All eyes are directed towards a little table to which the orator points, and where sits a handsome man clad as described.

"He is one of Zumalacarreguy's officers! a Carlist—a spy!" cries the young man.

Instantly several knives are brandished in the air, and the stranger is surrounded. No blood, however, is spilt. He is carried off to the nearest guard-house, and proves to be really a Carlist officer in disguise. Fortunately for him he is handed over to the military authorities, and detained as a prisoner. A scene of this kind occurred at the Café Nuevo whilst I was at Madrid.

At other times political harangues were pronounced by fiery orators. Standing on a table, one of them would fulminate tirades against ministers, or against the Gene-

rals commanding in the north; or would denounce some real or supposed traitors.

The cafés in the vicinity of the theatres are frequented by a different class. In those situated in the Calle del Principe, before the entertainments commence, and during the intervals of the pieces, are to be met many of the first people taking their ice or cup of coffee. I remember one evening seeing the late venerable patriot, Arguelles, at the Café del Principe, and having a very interesting conversation with him. He was invariably kind to me, and I am happy in being able to bear my humble testimonial to the purity and sincerity of his sentiments for the good of his country, as evinced in many interviews I had with him during my residence at Madrid.

In almost all the cafés there is a musical clock, generally in an elegant mahogany case. These clocks play, with great correctness, some of the most beautiful Spanish, Italian, and German airs.

The ices and refreshing beverages served in the better description of cafés are excellent and moderate in price. In the *horchaterias* there is in the summer a great consumption of *orchata de chufas*. The only English name I can find for *chufas*, is pig-nuts, of which, says an old dictionary, there are great abundance in Valencia. *Agua de cebada*, or barley-water, flavoured agreeably, is also

vended in the numerous *horchaterias* in Madrid, by pretty Valencian women, who attract customers by their pleasing and obliging demeanour.

Well-assorted shops of all descriptions abound in Madrid. There are also reading-rooms amply supplied with Spanish and foreign journals and periodicals.

The establishments for baths are numerous and commodious; and portable baths are sent to all quarters of Madrid at a short notice.

Madrid possesses two principal theatres, those of La Cruz and El Principe, in the streets bearing those names; the latter was celebrated even in the days when Gil Blas de Santillana figured as valet of the joyous actress, Arsenia, and as the lover of her coquettish waiting-maid, Laura, though the original theatre was destroyed by fire and rebuilt about forty years ago. Neither the exterior nor the interior of these theatres present any architectural or decorative attractions. The performances consist of comedies, tragedies, and operas. In the Teatro de la Cruz, there are three tiers of boxes; and two in that of El Principe, which is the larger, and more commodious. The pit seats are *lunetas*, or stalls, with stuffed cushions and backs—a very great accommodation.

The pieces acted at these theatres were chiefly translations or adaptations from the modern French dramatic productions, which I regretted exceedingly; there is not,

in my humble opinion, any necessity for adopting such spurious compositions. I was, however, more than once present at the representation of a very pleasing drama by a modern Spanish author, called *El Trovador*, the Troubadour: it was exceedingly well got up, and was very successful. A new tragedy also came out founded on an ancient and romantic Spanish story which had been already dramatized by an old author. Its title was *Los Amantes de Teruel*, the Lovers of Teruel: it was very popular and effective.

The genuine Spanish farce, *el saynete*, or *entremès*, is a very broad farce indeed, but full of humour. The scenes are often characteristic of the manners of those classes who abound in Andalusia, *majos*, or fops of the bull-fighting caste, and their *novias*, or sweethearts; or of odd and embarrassing rencontres between husbands and gay deceivers, who hover about their wives.

The performances are diversified by the *Bayle nacional* —the *Boléro*, or the *Jota Aragonesa*. These are indeed national and most exciting dances. When the tinkling bell announces the rising of the curtain, all are on the tiptoe of expectation. It rises: two or three clacks of the castanets are heard from behind the scenes, or perhaps a slight rattling of them—the orchestra strikes up—the two dancers enter on each side. The female dressed in a skirt of silver tissue with a variety of flounces and fur-

belows; a tight corsage of the same stuff compresses her well-formed bust, and her symmetrical arms are shown to advantage by short close-fitting sleeves. Fixed on her thumbs, with brilliant ribbons, are the castanets; her ebon hair is gathered up in a roll or knot behind her head, which is gracefully cast back, and a little on one side; her well-turned ankles, covered with pink silk stockings, peep from the rich vandyked flounce, and her delicate feet are planted in the most piquant direction. *There* she stands with one hand lightly resting on her hip, looking coyly at her partner, who, also with his castanets fixed on his thumbs, stands opposite to her. He is slender and of middle height; he wears a short and tastily cut jacket of light blue satin embroidered with gold; his shoulders are adorned with epaulettes of clusters of gold filagree buttons, hanging loosely; his black hair, turned back from his forehead and temples, is collected in a bunch at the back and covered with a satin bag-wig, or with a black silk netting, with tassels of the same hanging from it; his vest is of gold tissue; his breeches are of white elastic stuff; his handsome legs are covered with white silk stockings, and his well-made pumps clasped with silver buckles:—he stands in an elegant attitude, and has his eyes fixed on his enticing partner.

The first part of the *boléro* has been played by the orchestra: the *bayladora* strikes her castanets, and bending

her body gracefully, throws forward her right leg; her partner responds. Then follow a succession of evolutions and pirouettes, and rattling of castanets, and crossings from side to side, which I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that all is done not only with grace and perfection, but that the dancers—especially the lady—seem to take as much delight in their performances as they are imparting to the spectators. Just as the most graceful movements have been made by the arms and the whole figure, the music ceases with a sharp note, and the dancers, giving one click with their castanets, remain immovable, but in elegant attitudes; the exertions they have been making being evinced by their panting. Perhaps the damsel will for a moment walk with elegance partly across the stage, and tighten the castanets by drawing the ribbons closer with her teeth, her face being flushed with the exertion. How proudly she treads the stage! and then, resuming her former place and attitude, strikes off again at the moment the orchestra plays the proper note. At the end of the second dance the *bayladores* retire amidst the energetic applauses of the spectators.

Sometimes there are three couples of *boléro* dancers; all dressed in varieties of the costume I have attempted to describe. The scene in such cases is tripled in excite-

ment. I do not think any Polka can be equal to such a *boléro*, danced with such spirit and gusto.

Tonadillas and *seguidillas* form occasionally a part of the entertainment. These are cantatas for several voices, the words and music being essentially national, and producing a most pleasing and harmonious effect on the ear.

Some very clever little pieces were produced about this time, relative to passing events; satirical tableaux, they might perhaps be called, ridiculing the civil war at that early period, when heaps of flaming despatches were published by officers in command, declaring that they had sought out and pursued such and such a factious chieftain and his detestable band; that they had followed him all day, that they had routed or killed the major part of the band, and should altogether have annihilated the whole; but for the obscurity of the night and the *escabrosidad del camino*—the ruggedness of the ground. I also saw some well got up melodramatic spectacles, the scenery being very beautiful.

The *gracioso* is the principal comic actor, and is hailed by the audience with great applause. He does not confine himself, I believe, to his written part, but his wit and drollery are often permitted to flow *ad libitum*.

I cannot but consider it an advantage that in Madrid and other parts of Spain it is not requisite to go full dressed to the boxes. People seem to go to the play really

to enjoy that agreeable recreation. Excepting on particular occasions, such as a *funcion* in celebration of a royal birth-day, or of some remarkable event, or on benefit nights, the theatres are but dimly lighted, the great glare being cast on the stage from the foot and side lights; so that the ladies in the boxes are not placed in such a prominent light as in our theatres. The *lunetas*, or seats in the pit, are exclusively occupied by gentlemen, and between the pieces many of them leave their places and go to the boxes to pay their devoirs to the ladies of their acquaintance seated in them; the *entrada*, or entrance fee giving a right to pass to any part of the house; the price of a seat in the pit or of a box being a separate affair.

On gala nights the theatre is *iluminado*, that is, the chandeliers are lighted, and there is a favourable opportunity of admiring the fair occupants of the *palcos*, or boxes.

If the lords of creation alone are admitted to the pit, the better half of it—the fair sex—reign paramount in the boxes. *There*, guarded by a sentinel, they are thronged together in a semi-circular gallery, called *el gallinéro*, or the hen-house, where they roost comfortably and securely for the theatrical night. No cunning fox can gain entrance there, although peradventure, many a *renard* may be watching outside to see if, when the *gal-*

linéro shall be opened, and the coquettish hens are coming fluttering off their perches, one or more may be enticed away, or carried off. Whilst cooped up in the hen-house, however, the tender pullets are able to scan the whole of the boxes and pit, and spy their acquaintance and adorers, who are unconscious that their attentions to the fair occupants of the boxes are watched with a jealous eye from the hen-house. Could they imagine this, they would probably return, chicken-hearted, and crest-fallen, to their *lunetas*, and with meditative eyes, and smoothened ruffs, droop like dispirited chanticleers dreading to be hen-pecked.

Besides these two theatres, there was the Circo Olympico, a temporary building for the display of horsemanship. Part of Franconi's celebrated Paris troop were exhibiting at this Circus with great success. I saw some excellent equestrian performances and a few clever comic interludes. It appears that a commodious amphitheatre has since been erected on the spot, with the addition of a stage for melodramas, pantomimes, and ballets.

The new and extensive theatre in the Plaza de Oriente, has never been used for dramatic representations, unless the extraordinary performances now enacting therein may be classed as such; for it has been converted into a place of meeting for what is called the Constitutional Chamber of Deputies, who have just voted the reform, that is to say,

the *abrogation* of the Constitution—their deliberations having all the attributes of a farce, excepting that instead of producing mirth they excite disgust and contempt.

The masked-balls at the Teatro de Oriente during the Carnival were brilliant. The spacious and elegant concert-room and saloons were crowded to excess, and certainly it was a most exhilarating scene. Every thing was conducted in a superior manner: there were refreshment and supper rooms, and apartments with all the *agrèmens* of well-furnished drawing-rooms.

But let us enter the grand saloon, which is supported by handsome columns. What a variety of costumes!—Nuns, monks, *Roncalésas* in the becoming dress of the peasant-girls inhabiting the valley of Roncal in Navarre, Valencians with their kilts, cavaliers in the ancient Spanish costume, with slashed doublets and plumed hats, bewitching Andalusian damsels, or at all events such they were, if I might judge by their elegant attire and graceful figures; Moors, morrice-dancers, magicians, old women—who possibly were young men—and dominoes, male and female, without end.

What beautiful chins and mouths appeared below the half-masks of the female dominoes!—and yet it was in vain to attempt to discover the whole physiognomy. What dark eyes flash through the apertures in the taffeta-masks! and how it thrills one's heart-strings when a pair of those

beauteous eyes are fixed upon one, and one's arm is caught by a little, little hand, and a feigned, squeaking voice inquires:—

"*Tu me conoceis*?—Dost thou know me?" "*Yo te conozco a ti!*—I know thee!"

Oh, balconies, latticed-windows, and serenades! oh, youthful dreams that filled my boyish brain with romantic notions about Spain and Madrid!

"Who art thou, fair mask?" said I, "speak to me in thy own voice that I may recognise thee by its sweetness."

By the chuckling sound proceeding from under the mask of the domino on whose arm the assaultress of my heart was leaning, I discovered that my fine speech had produced laughter.

"*Es usted muy fino, Don Juan*—You are very polite, Don Juan," said the same disguised voice. "*Adios!—adios!*—Farewell!—farewell!"

And away she went, leaving me in a state of bewilderment.

To this hour the graceful sylph by whom I was thus addressed is unknown to me; but I felt under the soft influence of the pressure of her delicate little hand and her speaking looks during the whole evening. I lounged about with several friends in the course of the night, and

sought with anxiety for my gentle domino, but without effect;—it is clear she was only quizzing me.

This ball was indeed a gay Carnival scene. How the time passed I cannot tell; no one seemed fatigued. As the hours glided away, the grand saloon became less crowded; still it was well filled, and dancing was proceeding with spirit, when the shutters of the windows which reached to the ground were thrown back. The effect was singular and beautiful.

Within, clusters of wax-lights were brightly burning in the large chandeliers, adorned with chains of crystal drops reflecting all the colours of the rainbow; the orchestra was playing lively waltzes or other inspiriting airs; motley groups were seen in every variety of fantastic costume, most of the ladies unmasked, either figuring in quadrilles, or waltzing and gallopading round and round this magnificent hall:—without, Aurora with her rosy fingers was opening the gates of the east, and gladdening the face of nature.

The waltzers and the dancers continued their joyous pastime for a few minutes until the music suddenly ceased: it was a scene of mirth, good-humour and real enjoyment, kept up until the latest rational moment. The Spanish ladies, far from looking jaded, or to disadvantage in the broad daylight, as they emerged from the ball-

room, appeared as blooming as though they had just entered it. There was no occasion for them to shun the light of the sun after so exciting a night, and all, attended by their parties, moved cheerfully away, most of them in carriages.

I obtained my cloak, therefore, from the receptacle where it had been deposited when I entered this place of enchantment the night before, and throwing it over my shoulders, wended my way homewards with buoyant spirits and a light step, puzzling myself a little about the fascinating domino who had so mystified, and so effectually touched, for a time, the tenderest chords of a heart which poor Don Juan had vainly flattered himself he had encased in a cement so indurated by long resistance to the shafts of the blind urchin, that it was safe—quite safe. Alas! how often does it happen that when we conceive ourselves to be in the greatest security, we are on the very brink of danger!

A ball-room having so frequently proved a vestibule to the altar, a transition from the Carnival festival to matters ecclesiastical, will not, I trust, be deemed indecorous.

CHAPTER XIII.

Madrid churches—Monasteries closed—Nunneries—San Isidro—Improvement of Madrid—Reflections—Salesas Viejas—Tertulias—Calle de Alcalá—Buena-Vista—Calésas—Manolas—Lively scene—El Picador—El Matador—Montes, the first Matador of Spain—Earl of Clarendon—British Embassy.

The churches of Madrid do not present much to attract the attention of the traveller. The scourge of foreign war, and the consequences of civil dissensions have uprooted so many ancient establishments, that the capital does not now contain any remarkable religious edifices. Formerly there were upwards of a hundred and forty churches and chapels, besides thirty-nine monasteries, and thirty-three nunneries. Shortly after my arrival in Madrid, a decree was issued by the government for the suppression of the monasteries; in the course of the night after the promulgation of the decree, those establishments were all closed, and the monks and friars removed.

With our preconceived notions of Spanish attachment to ancient institutions and usages, and of the influence exercised by the monks over the minds of a large portion of the population, one might have felt justified in supposing that this measure would have created much agitation among the *Madrileños*, as the inhabitants of Madrid are styled: not at all—people shrugged their shoulders, a good deal of quizzing took place, and in a few days afterwards, I saw several carts laden with the figures of saints and martyrs, fronts of altars, and other adornments of chapels and choirs, of little intrinsic value, all heaped together and being removed to a general receptacle previously to a sale. One of the largest convents, I forget its name, was immediately converted into a depôt for military clothing and accoutrements, in the making of which great numbers of women and artisans were employed. The edifices and appurtenances were speedily put up for sale by order of government, as national property, and there was no hanging back in point of bidders. The appearance of a friar in the streets of Madrid would, no doubt, excite almost as much astonishment now, as a similar apparition would in those of London. I confess that to my eye, there was a great blank in the aspect of the streets of the capital after the suppression of the monasteries. It was picturesque and interesting to see the begging friar with his sack over his shoulder going

from house to house to collect provisions for his convent; and also to observe monks of various orders, moving about alone, in pairs, or in procession.

The sites of the monasteries and convents, generally speaking, were marked only by long lines of blank walls. Many of the nunneries were situated in narrow streets, and in order that the holy sisterhoods might not be scrutinized by profane eyes, the balconies of the houses opposite the garden walls, which were sometimes from twenty to thirty feet in height, were encased in sheet-iron, disfiguring the houses and depriving the upper floors of a due proportion of light and fresh air, for the only entrance for either was from the top of the iron case, and by a narrow aperture at each side, too narrow for any prying head to be thrust beyond it. One can easily understand, therefore, how the inhabitants of those floors must have rejoiced when they became emancipated from the clash of that iron, which must daily have "entered into their souls;" though upon second thoughts, as Madrid has been, since the time we are writing about, exposed to some street-fighting, and may probably have to endure a good deal more, the iron-barricaded balconies might have been at a premium, if left in their original condition.

Amongst the religious establishments worthy of inspection was the Monastery of San Isidro, formerly belonging to the Jesuits. The church is remarkable for its

beautiful architecture, and costly ornaments. It was formerly endowed with great riches. The chapel of San Isidro, the patron saint of Madrid, is magnificent, having a handsome cupola, and a number of bronze statues.

On visiting that desolate edifice, the most afflicting sensations were excited in my breast by the reflection that only a few months before, during the panic occasioned at Madrid by the sudden appearance of the cholera, several monks were massacred in consequence of a wicked and unfounded report spread amongst the populace that the Jesuits had poisoned the fountains.

When I viewed the monastery of San Isidro, it presented the aspect of a vast tomb, silent and commemorative of bloodshed and dissolution.

The convents of Santo Tomas, San Francisco and La Merced were the theatres of similar atrocities, sixty monks having, it is said, been basely assassinated during that awful day and night.

Eighteen months after these melancholy and disgraceful events, the monasteries were abolished, the buildings and spaces of ground they occupied became national property, and Madrid has undoubtedly been greatly improved and embellished by the opening of new and commodious streets and thoroughfares, where heretofore ungainly masses of building and blank walls encumbered the most frequented quarters of the capital. Certain convents still

continued to be tenanted by such nuns of the several religious orders as preferred to adhere to a life of seclusion.

Whilst admitting that the above changes have, in most respects, been beneficial, one cannot look with indifference upon the melting away of ancient institutions, nor withhold our respect for certain associations connected with them. Learning, arts, and sciences could never have arrived at their present approximation to maturity, had they not been cradled in the monasteries. It is well that intelligence should have become invigorated and sharpened by the open air of the great world: the close cells of the monasteries were no doubt deleterious as society developed itself; let us only bear in mind that in its infancy science was nurtured in the monastic institutions, whose venerable cloisters have been paced by many a learned, wise, and virtuous recluse, the result of whose meditations and labours has paved the way to those discoveries of which the present generation is justly proud.

As to the amount of real practical virtue, the greater prevalence of Christian graces, the true spirit of Christian charity, it is after all doubtful, perhaps, whether if an authentic comparative statement could be obtained, the balance would be in our favour. Religious differences and the animosities growing out of them are but too rife in this our own country, and are producing deplorable

scenes, which if they shall be permitted to continue will, it is to be feared, strike at the very root of society.

With regard to morals, it is only necessary to read the public journals and the official reports to convince us that we have a frightful sum on the wrong side of the account; to say nothing of the heaps of crime daily accumulating, which are never exposed to the light of day.

When visiting or describing countries where monastic institutions exist, we are all too apt to exclaim, "What a number of mendicants! How deplorable to see the convent-gates beset by lazy beings who prefer to drag on a squalid existence, sustained by the soup and alms doled out to them by the monks, to earning an honest livelihood by the labour of their own hands! It were a good work to suppress the monasteries if only to put an end to this evil."

This is all very well, as far as it goes; it is indeed good for man to work for his support. But are *we* exempt from the ills attendant upon idleness? Is not society here more seriously impaired by thousands who contrive to fasten themselves upon it, by means quite at variance with active honesty, than it ever was by Lazars on convent-steps?

Let us then endeavour to amend ourselves, and to be just and charitable in speaking of our neighbours.

The only convent for nuns which struck me as laying

claim to particular notice from its external appearance was that of *Las Salesas Viejas*. It was founded by Fernando VI., and Queen Doña Maria Barbara, for the education of young ladies of noble family. Its principal façade is adorned by eight pilasters of the composite order, and at each extremity is a handsome tower. Over the entrance is a bas-relief representing the Visitation of the Virgin Mary, the church being dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de la Visitacion*. The spacious *Lonja*, or cloister, is supported by columns and enclosed by an ornamental iron screen. The more elegant façade, however, is that facing the grounds and gardens, which are laid out with great taste.

The interior adornments are on a superb scale. There are columns of beautiful Granada marble, with bronze capitals richly gilt; pavements of fine variegated marble, statues, and valuable paintings.

In the chapel are the sumptuous monuments of King Fernando VI. and his Queen, who enriched the convent with gifts consisting of a profusion of diamonds, costly vestments, and other treasures.

The most interesting view of Madrid is from the vicinity of the Convent de las Salesas Viejas.

With regard to society in the capital, each grade has its point of attraction in the *tertulia*, or friendly assembly, at the residence of some family in the evening. In the

higher circles a few mansions are open on certain nights, where all who have been once presented, and have been told by the head of the family, that "*la casa está á la disposicion de usted*," or that the house is at their service, are not only admitted at these periodical *tertulias*, but are expected to go very frequently. They are very pleasant meetings, on account of the frank welcome the visiter receives, and the absence of all needless ceremony. Dancing, music, cards, and much conversation upon all subjects form the amusements of the evening.

Some of the *fondas* or *restaurateurs* are very good. The dinners are served *à la carte* as in Paris. The *fondas* of the better description are chiefly frequented by young fashionables, casual visiters to the metropolis, and foreigners; the usual dining hours at those establishments are from five till seven.

The pastrycooks' and confectioners' shops, called *pastélerias* and *confiterias*, are excellent.

There are no coach-stands in Madrid, but at well-known establishments in the Calle de Alcalá, and other streets, as well as in the gateways of certain *posadas*, carriages may be hired at all hours. Many of them are coaches of ancient form, with four, six, or even seven mules harnessed to them, others with only two, and there are a few lighter carriages, and cabriolets. The fare varies from three to four dollars a day, according to the style of the equipage.

Calésas, or headed single-horse chaises, but of very primitive form, ply also for hire in the Calle de Alcalá not in lines on a stand, but under gateways, or by the side of them. The horse's head is generally decked with a red or blue worsted tuft, and a very favourite dress of the drivers is a peaked hat, a jacket of coarse brown cloth, with patches on the back and sleeves of harlequin colours; these patches are not applied as repairs to thread-bare garments, but are part and parcel of the jackets when they first come out of the tailor's hands, and are considered as ornaments. The *caleséro* thus accoutred sits on the shaft when driving, his legs dangling close to the wheel; he is a sharp and rapid driver. *Calésas* are rarely put in requisition by any but the holiday-making folks of the inferior classes.

The private equipages, with few exceptions, are not by any means handsome.

The Calle de Alcalá is certainly a magnificent and an interesting street. It is considerably wider than Portland Place, and as unlike it as can possibly be imagined; the latter is all uniformity, the former full of variety. It is built on a long hill, and has a graceful curve. In it are noble mansions, plebeian wine-shops, and carriers' inns; private houses, provision-stores, *casas de huespedes*, or boarding-houses; the Royal Academy of San Fernando; the magnificent Custom-house, built of white stone in a

superior style of architecture; coffee-houses, goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops, not showy, but filled with valuable and beautifully wrought articles. It is bounded at one end by the handsome gate of Alcalá, and flanked by the truly regal promenade of the Prado, debouching, at the other end, on the Puerta del Sol and the Post-office. It was partially lighted with gas at the time of my visit, the columns supporting the lamps were made at the Carron foundry; but I understand that oil has since been employed, and that it is so pure, that the difference between that and gas is scarcely perceptible.

One of the most remarkable, and on various accounts most interesting, edifices in the Calle de Alcalá, is the Palace of Buena-Vista, at the upper end close to the Prado. It was built by the Duke of Alva, and was purchased from the heirs of the last Duchess of Alva by the city of Madrid, and presented to Don Manuel Godoy, Prince of Peace. His property having been confiscated in 1808, it passed to the Crown, and Fernando VII. ceded it for a military museum, which contains a valuable collection in every branch relative to an institution of that nature, and is particularly rich in models of fortified towns and fortresses. A general model of Madrid made by a Colonel of Artillery, named Don Leon Gil Palacio, is admirably executed.

This museum was removed to the convent of San

Geronimo, when the palace was appointed as a residence for the Duke de la Victoria during his Regency.

The palace of Buena-Vista stands on an elevated spot commanding the Calle de Alcalá, which was named for a time Calle del Duque de la Victoria. The architecture is in good taste, and the interior possesses many beauties. The Duke de la Victoria, with his accustomed liberality, expended large sums on its decoration, and furnished it in a style of splendour suitable to the high position he occupied.

Since the deplorable events which shortened the period of the Duke's Regency, and produced so demoralizing an effect upon Spain, the Military Museum has, I believe, been again established at Buena-Vista.

On the days appointed for the *corridas de toros*, or bull-fights, the Calle de Alcalá presents a most singular aspect. The *plaza*, or amphitheatre, will contain twelve thousand persons without inconvenience, and is about a hundred yards outside the Alcalá gate. The whole population of Madrid seems to be flowing through the spacious street, that great artery of the capital; and it is a well-known fact that there, as well as in other cities where these national sports are celebrated, numbers of persons, both male and female, who are cramped for the means of providing necessaries for themselves and their families, will

undergo many privations in order to scrape together the money to pay for a seat in the Plaza de Toros.

It is two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun is shining brightly, the heat is intense; throng after throng of men, women, and children arrive in melting moods—not melting into tears, but the "too, too solid flesh" melting, thawing, and resolving itself into a dew, whilst their countenances are brightened up with joy and expectation.

What a rattling of *calésas!* the horses' necks are adorned with gay ribbons, the bells are merrily jingling and tinkling, the flaunting *Manolas* and their gay partners are sitting side by side; the drivers are running close to the horses' heads, exciting the half-maddened but yet obedient and intelligent animals by their voices, and by occasionally giving them a sly back-handed lash in the flank, which makes them strike out, and then spring forward like stags.

But what are the *Manolas?* Indeed, I hardly know how to describe these high-spirited ladies. They belong, methinks, to the *grisette* species, though their affections are not, as I have been informed, bestowed particularly on the class called students, excepting, perhaps, those belonging to the college of *Tauromaquia*, founded by Fernando VII., for the instruction of young aspirants for fame in the art of bull-fighting; that being, I believe, the only educational establishment instituted by that monarch.

The *Manola* has a hoydenish manner: her mantilla of black silk, bordered with a broad strip of velvet, is either hitched on the top of her head by means of a towering comb, or allowed to fall loosely over her shoulders; her gown is very short, so short as to display to advantage her well-turned ankles. It is said (but I do not vouch for the correctness of the assertion) that the genuine *Manola* always carries concealed in some part of her dress a *navaja*, or dagger, which she uses without ceremony as an offensive and defensive weapon in the divers affrays to which her agitated life subjects her. The bull-fighters and the inferior grades of amateurs who frequent the Corridas de Toros are great protectors of the *Manolas*.

I have heard, however, that there are females belonging to the humbler and working classes, who, although their dress is *Manola*-ish, are by no means to be ranked with those just spoken of; but that on the contrary, they are respectable in their sphere, and adopt this costume merely because they think it becoming, and from a little innocent coquetry.

Besides the *calésas*, there are vehicles of every description; coaches, chariots, *tartanas*—all filled, and moving towards the same point.

The foot-passengers form a dense mass, posting away in all haste. The *cafés* pour out their visiters who have been hastily fortifying themselves for the occasion; the

air is impregnated with tobacco-smoke puffed from thousands of *cigarros*—real tobacco-smoke, not such odious vapours as but too often offend the nostrils of the pedestrian in London streets now-a-days. There are water-venders, and fruit-sellers, and mountebanks, and *lechuginos* or dandies; and young men of good family, dressed shabbily on purpose, on their way to enjoy the fun, placing themselves in the seats the nearest to the arena. Presently a great sensation is created by a *calésa* drawn by a gaily decorated horse, with the driver running by his side; and in the *calésa* is a well-built man, with a broad, low-crowned, white *sombrero*, or hat, secured by a ribbon chin-strap. He wears a jacket and vest of silver tissue, yellow leathern breeches and gaiters, but his limbs seem far too stout for his body.

"*Viva Sevilla! Viva!*" shout the people as he passes along. It is Sevilla, the famous *picador*, on his way to the amphitheatre. He sits quite still; his paper cigar is in his mouth; his large whiskers are nicely trimmed, and he looks the very picture of calm satisfaction. The apparent disproportion of his limbs is occasioned by their being encased in tin and wadding to shield them from the bull's horns.

Another gay *calésa* follows, and the air is rent with cries of, "*Viva Montes! Que guapo es!*—Long life to Montes! What a fine fellow he is!"

This salutation is elicited by the appearance in the *calésa* of Montes, the *primer espada*, or first *matador* in Spain. His person, though slender, is muscular, his features are strongly marked, but have a mild and calm expression. He wears a *montéro* cap of black velvet, with tassels and fringes; his raven hair, gathered up in a thick knot at the back of his head, is decorated with a large black silk rosette; he has a fine pair of whiskers rounded at the extremities; his shirt collar, white as snow, is turned down leaving his dark throat visible; a rose-coloured silk kerchief, carelessly tied, appears from under the collar, and falls gracefully down the breast by the side of a rich lace frill. His elegantly-cut short jacket is made of a lively green satin embroidered all over with gold, and adorned with golden tassels; his shoulders are epauletted by a profusion of real gold open-worked buttons; a fine white cambric handkerchief, fringed with lace, peeps from each pocket; his waistcoat is of white satin with gold sprigs, and falls in front a little below the jacket, his waist being girdled by a dark crimson silken sash in easy folds; his breeches are of the same material as the jacket —green satin; white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, complete this most becoming costume.

Montes, in his gay *calésa*, passes on amid the *vivas* of the crowd; he is followed shortly by several other *calésas* bearing the *chulos* and the other *picadores*, all habited in

similar costumes, more or less splendid, as those already described.

Though but imperfectly sketched, such is the aspect of the Calle de Alcalá on the day of a *funcion de Toros* or bull-fight. The multitude have arrived at the fine gate of Alcalá; they pour through it as fast as circumstances will permit: and *there* we will leave them to the enjoyment of this favourite, exciting, and truly Spanish spectacle, which has been so frequently and so well portrayed in various other works upon Spain, that a description of it in this place may well be dispensed with.

Indeed I must, rather abruptly, bid farewell to Madrid altogether. Stirring events in the northern provinces of Spain caused me to hasten thither in the spring of 1836.

The foregoing notices are, I am quite aware, incomplete. They will serve however as memoranda of some of the points to which the traveller's attention may be usefully directed. It requires a lengthened residence, during every season, and a careful observation under a great variety of circumstances, to feel confidence in drawing out a map of the habits, customs, tendencies, advantages, and disadvantages of the metropolis of any country. Spain comes peculiarly within the range of these remarks.

I cannot take leave of the Spanish capital without expressing my grateful sense of the many obligations I am

under to the British Minister at the Court of Spain, the present Earl of Clarendon. From the moment that I had the honour of presenting to His Excellency the letters of introduction of which it was my good fortune to be the bearer, to the day of my departure, I experienced from him the greatest kindness and hospitality, as well as the most valuable assistance.

His Excellency was universally respected and beloved in Madrid, and throughout Spain: never had a British Minister a more important, a more arduous duty to perform, than fell to the share of Mr. Villiers; and never was any duty fulfilled with more tact and judgment. Amid the whirlwind of political passions which tore up society in Spain by its roots, the British Minister was looked up to with confidence by respectable men of all parties. His amiable personal qualities were great auxiliaries to his sound judgment; he entered into the feelings of, and showed respect for the Spaniards; he spoke and wrote their language well; his knowledge of every question connected with the history of past and passing events was conspicuous; and he evinced an earnest interest in the cause which the majority of the nation were defending.

Whilst worthily sustaining the honour, dignity and interests of the country he represented, he was conciliatory towards the Ministers of other powers resident at the Spanish court; while he discountenanced all those petty

diplomatic jealousies which are always pernicious, but especially so in a small capital like Madrid. These qualities were invaluable at the period in question, when numberless circumstances were of daily occurrence, which designing parties made strenuous efforts to convert into needless causes of misunderstanding between the representatives of foreign nations.

When, after succeeding to the Earldom of Clarendon, his Lordship left Spain to take his place in the hereditary legislative assembly of his country, his departure was deeply regretted in every circle. He had completely won the hearts of the Spaniards; whilst our own countrymen who visited Madrid, either on business or otherwise, during the period Lord Clarendon was British Minister at that Court, could not fail to be highly gratified and to feel deeply obliged by his Lordship's prompt and efficacious care for their interests, as well as attracted by his unaffected manners.

My hearty thanks are also due to the gentlemen attached to the Embassy for their uniform kindness towards me.

THE END.